LOVE makes a MAN:

OR, THE

FOP'S FORTUNE.

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

By *C. CIBBER.*

Interdum tollit & Comœdia Vocem. Hor.

LONDON:

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MDCCLI.

PROLOGUE.

SINCE Plays are but a Kind of Publick Feasts,
Where Tickets only make the welcome Guests;
Methinks, instead of Grace, we should prepare,
Your Tastes in Prologue, *with your Bill of Fare.*
When you foreknow each Course, tho' this may teaze you,
'Tis five to one, but one o'th' five may please you.
First, for your Criticks, we've your darling Chear,
Faults without Number, more than Sense can bear;
You're certain to be pleas'd, where Errors are.
From your Displeasure, I dare vouch we're safe;
You never frown, but where your Neighbours laugh.
Now, you that never know what Spleen or Hate is,
Who for an Act or two, are welcome Gratis, [satis;
That tip the Wink, and so sneak out with nunquam
For your smart Tastes we've tost'd you up a Fop,
We hope the newest that's of late come up;
The Fool, Beau, Wit, and Rake, so mix'd he carries,
He seems a Ragou, *piping hot from* Paris.
But for the softer Sex, whom most we'd move,
We've what the Fair and Chaste were form'd for, Love:
An artless Passion, fraught with Hopes and Fears,
And nearest happy, when it most despairs.
For Marks, we've Scandal, and for Beaus French *Airs.*
To please all Tastes, we'll do the best we can;
For the Galleries, we've Dicky *and* Will Penkethman.
Now, Sirs, you're welcome, and you know your Fare;
But pray, in Charity, the Founder spare,
Lest you destroy at once, the Poet and the Player.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Antonio and *Charino*,	Old Gentlemen,	Mr. *Bullock*. / Mr. *Croſs*.
Don Lewis, Uncle, and near Friend to *Carlos*,		Mr. *Penkethman*.
Carlos, a Student, *Clodio*, a pert Coxcomb,	Sons to *Antonio*,	Mr. *Wilks*. / Mr. *Cibber*.
Sancho, Servant to *Carlos*,		Mr. *Norris*.
Monſieur, Valet to *Clodio*.		
Governor of *Lisbon*,		Mr. *Simpſon*.
Don Duart, his Nephew,		Mr. *Mills*.
Don Manuel, a Sea-Officer, in Love with *Louiſa*,		Mr. *Toms*.

WOMEN.

Angelina, Daughter to *Charino*,	Mrs. *Temple*.
Louiſa, a Lady of Quality and Pleaſure,	Mrs. *Verbruggen*.
Elvira, Siſter to *Don Duart*,	Mrs. *Knight*.
Honoria, Couſin to *Louiſa*,	Mrs. *Moor*.

Prieſt, Officers, and Servants.

LOVE *makes a* MAN:

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ACT I.

SCENE, *an* HALL.

Enter Antonio *and* Charino.

ANTONIO.

WITHOUT Compliment, my old Friend, I ſhall think myſelf much honour'd in your Alliance; our Families are both ancient, our Children young, and able to ſupport 'em; and, I think, the ſooner we ſet 'em to work, the better.

Cha. Sir, you offer fair and nobly, and ſhall find I dare meet you in the ſame Line of Honour; and, I hope, ſince I have but one Girl in the World, you won't think me a troubleſome old Fool; if I endeavour to beſtow her to her Worth; therefore, if you pleaſe, before we ſhake Hands, a Word or two by the Bye, for I have ſome conſiderable Queſtions to ask you.

Ant. Ask 'em.

Cha. Well, in the firſt Place, you ſay you have two Sons?

Ant. Exactly.

Cha. And you are willing that one of 'em ſhall marry my Daughter?

Ant. Willing.

Cha. My Daughter *Angelina!*

Ant. Angelina.

Cha. And you are likewiſe content that the ſaid *Angelina*, ſhall ſurvey 'em both, and (with my Allowance) take to her lawful Husband, which of 'em ſhe pleaſes?

Ant. Content.

Cha. And you farther promiſe, that the Perſon by her (and me) ſo choſen (be it elder or younger) ſhall be your ſole Heir: that is to ſay, ſhall be in a conditional Poſſeſſion, of at leaſt three Parts of your Eſtate. You know the Conditions, and this you poſitively promiſe?

Ant. To perform.

Cha. Why then, as the laſt Token of my full Conſent and Approbation, I give you my Hand.

Ant. There's mine.

Cha. Is't a Match?

Ant. A Match.

Cha. Done.

Ant. Done.

Cha. And done!——that's enough.——*Carlo*, the elder, you ſay, is a great Scholar, ſpends his whole Life in the Univerſity, and loves his Study.

Ant. Nothing more, Sir.

Cha. But *Clodio*, the younger, has ſeen the World, and is very well known in the Court of *France*; a ſprightly Fellow, ha?

Ant. Mettle to the Back, Sir.

Cha. Well! how far either of 'em may go with my Daughter, I can't tell; ſhe'll be eaſily pleas'd where I am——I have given her ſome Documents already. Hark! what Noiſe without?

Ant. Odſo! 'tis they——they're come——I have expected 'em theſe two Hours. Well, Sirrah, who's without?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. 'Tis *Sancho*, Sir, with a Waggon-Load of my Maſter's Books.

Ant. Never without them, Sir, 'tis his Humour.

Cha. What, does he always travel with his whole Study?

Enter

Enter Sancho *laden with Books.*

San. Pedro, unload part of the Library; bid the Porter open the great Gates, and make Room for t'other Dozen of Carts; I'll be with you preſently.

Ant. Ha! *Sancho!* where's my *Carlos!* ſpeak, Boy, where didſt thou leave thy Maſter?

San. Jogging on, Sir, in the Highway to Knowledge, both Hands employ'd, his Book, and his Bridle, Sir: But he has ſent his Duty before him in this Letter, Sir.

Ant. What have we here, *Pothooks* and *Andirons?*

San. Pothooks! O! dear Sir!——I beg your Pardon——No, Sir, this is *Arabick*, 'tis to the Lord *Abbot*, concerning the Tranſlation, Sir, of human Bodies——a new Way of getting out of the World. There's a terrible Wiſe Man * has written a very ſmart Book of it.

Cha. Pray, Friend, what will that ſame Book teach a Man?

San. Teach you, Sir; why, to play a Trump upon Death, and ſhew yourſelf a Match for the Devil.

Cha. Strange!

San. Here, Sir, this is your Letter. [*To* Ant.

Cha. Pray, Sir, what ſort of Life may your Maſter lead?

San. Life, Sir! no Prince fares like him; he breaks his Faſt with *Ariſtotle*, dines with *Tully*, drinks at *Helicon*, ſups with *Seneca*; then walks a Turn or two in the milky Way, and after ſix Hours Conference with the Stars, ſleeps with old *Erra Pater.*

Cha. Wonderful!

Ant. So, *Carlos* will be here preſently——Here, take the Knave in, and let him eat.

San. And drink too, Sir?

Ant. And drink too, Sir,——and pray ſee your Maſter's Chamber ready. [*Knocking again.* Well, Sir! who's at the Gate?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Monſieur, Sir, from my young Maſter *Clodio.*

Enter Monſieur.

Ant. Well, *Monſieur*, what ſays your Maſter? When will he be here?

Monſ. Sire, he vill be here in de leſs Time dan von Quarter of de Hour; he is not quite tirty Mile off.

Ant. And what came you beforefor?

Monſ. Sire, me come to provide de Pulvile, and de Eſſaunce for his Peruque, dat he may approache to your Vorſhipe vid de Reveraunce, and de bella Air.

Ant. What, is he unprovided then?

Monſ. Sire, he vas enrage, and did brake his Bottel d'Orangerie, becauſe it vas no de ſame dat is prepare for *Monſeigneur le Dauphin*.

Ant. Well, Sir, if you'll go to the Butler, he'll—help you to ſome Oil and Vinegar for his Periwig.

Monſ. Sire, me tank you. [*Exit* Monſieur.

Cha. A very notable Spark this *Cladio*. Ha! what trampling of Horſes is that without?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, my young Maſters are both come.

Ant. That's well! Now, Sir, now! now obſerve their ſeveral Diſpoſitions.

Enter Carlos.

Car. My Father! Sir, your Bleſſing.

Ant. Thou haſt it, *Carlos*; and now pray know this Gentleman; *Charino*, Sir, my old Friend, and one in whom you may have a particular Intereſt.

Car. I'll ſtudy to deſerve his Love, Sir.

Cha. Sir, as for that Matter, you need not ſtudy at all. [*They ſalute.*

Enter Clodio.

Clo. Hey! *La Valiere!* bid the Groom take care our Hunters be well rubb'd and cloath'd; they're hot, and have out-ſtript the Wind.

Cha. Ay, marry Sir, there's Mettle in this young Fellow.

Clo. Where's my Father?

Ant. Hah, my dear *Clody*, thou'rt welcome! let me kiſs thee.

Clo. Sir,———you kiſs pleaſingly———I love to kiſs a Man; in *Paris* we kiſs nothing elſe. Sir, being my Father's Friend, I am your moſt oblig'd, and faithful humble Servant. [*To* Cha.

Cha. Sir,——I—I—I—I like you. [*Eagerly.*

Clo. Thy Hand—kiſs——I'm your Friend.

Cha. Faith, thou art a pretty-humour'd Fellow.

Clo. Who's that? Pray, Sir, who's that?

Ant. Your Brother, *Clody.*

Clo. Odſo! I beg his Pardon with all my Heart——Ha, ha, ha, did ever Mortal ſee ſuch a Book-Worm?—Brother, how is't? [*Careleſly.*

Car. I'm glad you are well, Brother. [*Reads.*

Clo. What, does he draw his Book upon me? then I will draw my Wit upon him———Gad, I'll puzzle him—Hark you, Brother, pray what's———what's *Latin* for a Sword-knot?

Car. The *Romans* wore none, Brother.

Clo. No Ornament upon their Swords, Sir?

Car. O yes, ſeveral, Conqueſt, Peace, and Honour———an old unfaſhionable Wear.

Clo. Sir, no Man in *France* (I may as well ſay breathing; for not to live there, is not to breathe) wears a more faſhionable Sword than I do; he coſt me fifteen Louis-d'or's in *Paris*——There, Sir———feel him,——try him, Sir.

Clo. I have no Skill, Sir.

Clo. No Skill, Sir! why, this Sword would make a Coward fight——aha! ſa, ſa! ha! Rip——ha! there I had him. [*Fencing.*

Car. Take heed, you'll cut my Cloaths, Brother.

Clo. Cut 'em! ha, ha,———no, no, they are cut already, Brother, to the *Grammar-Rules* exactly: Pſha, prithee Man leave off this College-Air.

Car. No, Brother, I think it wholſom, the Soil and Situation pleaſant.

Clo. A Put, by *Jupiter!* he don't know the Air of a Gentleman, from the Air of the Country:———Sir, I mean the Air of your Cloaths; I would have you change your Taylor, and dreſs a little more *en Cavalier:* Lay by

by your Book, and take out your Snuff-box; Cock, and look ſmart, hah!

Cha. Faith, a pretty Fellow!

Car. I read no uſe in this Brother; and for my Cloaths, the half of what I wear already, ſeem to me ſuperfluous: What need I outward Ornaments, when I can deck myſelf with Underſtanding? Why ſhould we care for any Thing, but Knowledge? Or look upon the Follies of Mankind, but to condemn or pity thoſe that ſeek 'em? [*Reads again.*

Clo. Stark mad! Split me.

Cha. Pſha, this Fellow will never do——he's no Soul in him.

Clo. Hark you, Brother, what do you think of a pretty plump Wench now?

Car. I ſeldom think that Way; Women are Books I have not read yet.

Clo. Gad, I cou'd ſet you a ſweet Leſſon, Brother.

Car. I am as well here, Sir. [*Reads.*

Cha. Good for no earthly Thing; a mere Stock; Ah, that *Clody*!

Enter Monſieur.

Monſ. Sire, here be de ſeveral ſorte of de Jaſſimine d'Orangerie vidout, if you pleaſe to mak your ſhoice.

Clo. Mum, Sir! I muſt beg Pardon for a Moment; a moſt important Buſineſs calls me aſide, which I will diſpatch with all imaginable Celerity, and return to the Repetition of my Deſire to continue, Sir, your moſt oblig'd and faithful humble Servant.

[*Exit* Clody *bowing.*

Cha. Faith, he's a pretty Fellow.

Ant. Now, Sir, if you pleaſe, ſince we have got the other alone, we'll put the Matter a little cloſer to him.

Cha. 'Tis to little Purpoſe, I am afraid: But uſe your Pleaſure, Sir.

Car. Plato differs from *Socrates* in this. [*To himſelf.*

Ant. Come, come, prithee *Charles*, lay 'em by, let 'em agree at Leiſure. What, no Hour of Interruption?

Car.

Car. Man's Life, Sir, being ſo ſhort, and then the Way that leads us to the Knowledge of ourſelves, ſo hard and tedious, each Minute ſhould be precious.

Ant. Ay, but to thrive in this World, *Charles*, you muſt part a little with this bookiſh Contemplation, and prepare yourſelf for Action. If you will ſtudy, let it be to know what part of my Land's fit for the Plough; what for Paſture; to buy and ſell my Stock to the beſt Advantage, and cure my Cattle when they are over-grown with Labour. This now wou'd turn to ſome Account.

Car. This, Sir, may be done from what I've read: For what concerns Tillage, who can better deliver it, than *Virgil* in his *Georgicks?* And, for the Cure of Herds, his *Bucolicks* are a Maſter-piece; but when his Art deſcribes the Commonwealth of *Bees*, their Induſtry, their more than Human Knowledge of the Herbs from which they gather Honey, their Laws, their Government among themſelves, their Order in going forth, and coming laden home, their ſtrict Obedience to their King, his juſt Rewards to ſuch as labour, his Puniſhment inflicted only on the ſlothful Drone; I'm raviſh'd with it, then reap indeed my Harveſt, receive the Gain my Cattle bring me, and there find Wax and Honey.

Ant. Hey day! *Georges!* and *Blue-ſticks*, and *Bees-wax!* What, art thou mad?

Cha. Raving, raving!

Car. No, Sir, the Knowledge of this guards me from it.

Ant. But can you find, among all your muſty Manuſcripts, what Pleaſure he enjoys that lies in the Arms of a young, rich, well-ſhap'd, healthy Bride? Anſwer me that, ha, Sir!

Car. 'Tis frequent, Sir, in Story; there I read of all kinds of virtuous, and of vicious Women; the ancient *Spartan* Dames, the *Roman* Ladies, their Beauties, their Deformities; and when I light upon a *Portia*, or a *Cornelia*, crown'd with ever-blooming Truth and Virtue, with ſuch a Feeling I peruſe their Fortunes, as if

I then had liv'd, and taſted of their lawful envy'd Love: But when I meet a *Meſſalina*, tir'd and unſated in her foul Deſires; a *Clytemneſtra*, bath'd in her Husband's Blood; an impious *Tullia* whirling her Chariot o'er her Father's breathleſs Body, Horror invades my Faculties; comparing then the numerous Guilty, with the eaſy Count of thoſe that die in Innocence, I deteſt and loath 'em as Ignorance, or Atheiſm.

Ant. And you do reſolve then not to make Payment of the Debt you owe me?

Car. What Debt, good Sir?

Ant. Why, the Debt I paid my Father, when I got you, Sir, and made him a Grandſire; which I expect from you. I won't have my Name die.

Car. Nor would I; my labour'd Studies, Sir, may prove in Time a living Iſſue.

Ant. Very well, Sir; and ſo I ſhall have a general Collection of all the Quiddits from *Adam* 'till this Time, to be my Grand-child!

Car. I'll take my beſt Care, Sir, that what I leave may'nt ſhame the Family.

Cha. A ſad Fellow this! This is a very ſad Fellow. [*Aſide.*

Ant. Nor you won't take care of my Eſtate?

Car. But in my Wiſhes, Sir: For know the Wings on which my Soul is mounted, have long ſince borne her Pride too high to ſtoop to any Prey that ſoars not upwards; ſordid and dunghil Minds, compos'd of Earth, fix in that groſs Element their Happineſs; but great and purer Spirits, ſhaking that Clog of human Frailty off, become refin'd, and free as the Æthereal Air.

Ant. So that in ſhort you wou'd not marry an Empreſs!

Car. Give me leave to enjoy myſelf; the Cloſet that contains my choſen Books, to me's a glorious Court; my venerable Companions there, the old Sages and Philoſophers, ſometimes the greateſt Kings and Heroes, whoſe Counſels I have leave to weigh, and call their Victories, if unjuſtly got, unto a ſtrict Account, and in my Fancy dare deface their ill-plac'd Statues. Can I then part with ſolid conſtant Pleaſures, to claſp uncertain Vanities? No, Sir, be it your Care to ſwell your Heap of Wealth,

marry my Brother, and let him get you Bodies of your Name; I rather wou'd inform it with a Soul—I tire you, Sir—your Pardon, and your Leave—Lights there for my Study. [*Exit* Carlos.

Ant. Was ever Man thus tranſported from the common Senſe of his own Happineſs? a ſtupid wiſe Rogue, I cou'd beat him. Now, if it were not for my Hopes in young *Clody*, I might fairly conclude my Name were at a period.

Cha. Ay, ay, he's the Match for my Money, and my Girl's too, I warrant her. What ſay you, Sir, ſhall we tell 'em a piece of our Mind, and turn 'em together inſtantly?

Ant. This Minute, Sir, and here comes my young Rogue in the very Nick of his Fortune.

Enter Clodio.

Ant. Clody, a Word!

Clo. To the Wiſe is enough: Your Pleaſure, Sir?

Ant. In the mean time, Sir, if you pleaſe to ſend your Daughter notice of our intended Viſit. [*To* Cha.

Cha. I do't—hark you, Friend.

[*Whiſpers a Servant.*

Enter Sancho *behind.*

Sanc. I doubt my Maſter has found but rough Welcome! He's gone ſupperleſs into his Study; I'd fain know the Reaſon——It may be ſome Body has borrow'd one of his Books, or ſo——I muſt find it out. [*Stands aſide.*

Clo. Sir, you could not have ſtarted any Thing more agreeable to my Inclination; and for the young Lady's, Sir, if this old Gentleman will pleaſe to give me a Sight of her, you ſhall ſee me whip into hers, in the cutting of a Caper.

Cha. Well! purſue, and conquer; tho' let me tell you, Sir, my Girl has Wit, and will give you as good as you bring; ſhe has a ſmart Way, Sir.

Clo. Sir, I will be as ſmart as ſhe; I have my ſhare of Courage; I fear no Woman alive, Sir, having always found, that Love and Aſſurance ought to be as inſeparable Campanions, as a Beau and a Snuff-Box, or a Curate and a Tobacco-ſtopper.

Cha.

Cha. Faith, thou art a pleaſant Rogue; i'gad ſhe muſt like thee.

Clo. I know how to tickle the Ladies, Sir——In *Paris* I had conſtantly two Challenges every Morning came up with my Chocolate, only for being pleaſant Company the Night before with the firſt Ladies of Quality.

Cha. Ah, ſilly envious Rogues! Prithee, what did you do to their Ladies?

Sanc. Poſitively, nothing. [*Aſide.*

Clo. Why, the Truth is, I did make the Jades drink a little too ſmartly; for which, the poor Dogs the *Princes* cou'd not endure me.

Cha. Why, haſt thou really convers'd with the *Royal Family?*

Clo. Convers'd with 'em! Ay, rot 'em, Ay! ay! —You muſt know ſome of 'em came with me half a Day's Journey, to ſee me a little on my Way hither: But I 'gad I ſent young *Louis* back again to *Marli*, as drunk as a Tinker, by *Jove!* Ha! ha! ha! I can't but laugh to think how old *Monarchy* growl'd at him next Morning.

Cha. God-a-mercy, Boy! Well! and I warrant thou wert as intimate with their Ladies too!

Sanc. Juſt alike, I dare anſwer for him. [*Aſide.*

Clo. Why, you ſhall judge now, you ſhall judge—— let me ſee! there was, I and *Monſieur*——no! no! no! *Monſieur* did not ſup with us —— There was I and Prince *Grandmont*, Duke *de Bongrace*, Duke *de Bellegrade*— (*Bellegrade*——yes— yes, *Jack* was there!) *Count de l'Eſprit*, *Mareſchal Bombard*, and that pleaſant Dog the Prince *de Hautenbas*. We ſix now were all at Supper, all in good Humour, *Champaign* was the Word, and Wit flew about the Room, like a pack of loſing Cards —— Now, Sir, in *Madam*'s adjacent Lodgings, there happen'd to be the ſelf-ſame Number of Ladies, after the Fatigue of a Ballet, diverting themſelves with *Ratifia*, and the Spleen; ſo dull, they were not able to talk, tho' it were ſcandalouſly even of their beſt Friends: So, Sir, after a profound Silence at laſt one of 'em gap'd—— O Gad! ſays ſhe, would that pleaſant Dog *Clody* were

here to *Badiner* a little——— Hey, ſays a ſecond, and ſtretch'd. Ah! *Mon Dieu!* ſays a third——and walk'd——Cou'd not one find him, ſays a fourth?———and leer'd———O! burn him, ſays a fifth, I ſaw him go out with the naſty Rakes of the *Blood* again———in a Pet—Did you ſo, ſays a ſixth—*Pardie!* we'll ſpoil that Gang preſently—in a Paſſion. Whereupon, Sir, in two Minutes, I receiv'd a Billet in four Words—*Chien Nous vous Demandons:* Subſcrib'd, *Grandmont, Bongrace, Bellegrade, L'Eſprit, Bombard, Hautenbas.*

Cha. Why, theſe are the very names of the Princes you ſupp'd with.

Clo. Every Soul of 'em the individual Wife or Siſter of every Man in the Company! ſplit me! *Ha! ha!*

Cha. and *Ant.* Ha! ha! ha!

Sanc. Did ever two old Gudgeons ſwallow ſo greedily? [*Aſide.*

Ant. Well! and didſt thou make a Night on't, Boy?

Clo. Yes, I'gad, and a Morning too, Sir; for about eight o'Clock the next Day, ſlap they all ſous'd upon their Knees, kiſs'd round, burnt their Commodes, drank my Health, broke their Glaſſes, and ſo parted.

Ant. Gad-a-mercy, *Clody!* Nay, 'twas always a wild young Rogue!

Cha. I like him the better for't———he's a pleaſant one, I'm ſure.

Ant. Well! the Rogue gives him a rare Account of his Travels.

Clo. I'gad, Sir, I have a Cure for the Spleen; A ha! I know how to riggle myſelf into a Lady's Favour—give me Leave when you pleaſe, Sir.

Cha. Sir, you ſhall have it this Moment—Faith, I like him—You remember the Conditions, Sir; three Parts of your Eſtate to him and his Heirs.

Ant. Sir, he deſerves it all; 'tis not a Trifle ſhall part 'em: You ſee *Charles* has given over the World; I'll undertake to buy his Birth-Right for a Shelf of new-Books.

Cha. Ay! ay! get you the Writings ready with your other Son's Hand to 'em; for unleſs he ſigns, the Conveyance is of no Validity.

Ant.

Ant. I know it, Sir,—they ſhall be ready with his Hand in two Hours.

Cha. Why then, come along, my Lad, and now I'll ſhow thee to my Daughter.

Cle. I dare be ſhewn, Sir,—*Allons!* Hey, *Suivons, L'Amour.* [*Sings.*] [*Exeunt.*

Sanc. How! my poor Maſter to be diſinherited, for *Monſieur*, Sa! ſa! there; and I a Looker-on too! If we have ſtudy'd our *Majors* and our *Minors*, *Antecedents*, and *Conſequents*, to be concluded Coxcombs at laſt, we have made a fair Hand on't; I am glad I know of this Roguery, however; I'll take care my Maſter's Uncle, old Don *Lewis*, ſhall hear of it; for tho' he can hardly read a Proclamation, yet he dotes upon his Learning; and if he be that old rough teſty Blade he us'd to be, we may chance to have a Rubbers with 'em firſt——— Here he comes, *profecto*.

Enter Don Lewis.

D. *Lew.* *Sancho!* Where's my Boy *Charles?* What, is he at it? Is he at it?—Deep—deep, I warrant him—*Sancho!* A little Peep now——one Peep at him thro' the Key-hole—I muſt have a Peep.

Sanc. Have a care, Sir, he's upon a magical Point.

D. *Lew.* What, has he loſt any Thing?

Sanc. Yes, Sir, he has loſt with a Vengeance.

D. *Lew.* But what, what, what, what, Sirrah! What is't?

Sanc. Why, his Birth-Right, Sir, he is di—di—di——diſinherited. [*Sobbing.*

D. *Lew.* Ha! how! when! what! where! who! what doſt thou mean?

Sanc. His Brother, Sir, is to marry *Angelina*, the great Heireſs, to enjoy three Parts of his Father's Eſtate; and my Maſter is to have a whole Acre of new Books, for ſetting his Hand to the Conveyance.

D. *Lew.* This muſt be a Lye, Sirrah, I will have it a Lye.

Sanc. With all my Heart, Sir; but here comes my old Maſter, and that Pick-pocket the Lawyer; they'll tell you more.

Enter

Enter Antonio and a Lawyer.

Ant. Here, Sir, this Paper has your full Instructions: Pray be ſpeedy, Sir; I don't know but we may couple 'em to Morrow; be ſure you make it firm.

Law. Do you ſecure his Head, Sir, I defy the Law to give him his Title again. [*Exit.*

Sanc. What think you now, Sir?

D. *Low.* Why, now methinks I'm pleas'd——this is right——I'm pleas'd——muſt cut that Lawyer's Throat tho'——muſt bone him——*by*! I'll have him bon'd——and potted.

Ant. Brother, how is't?

D. *Low.* O mighty well——mighty well——let's feel your Pulſe——Feveriſh.

[*Looks earneſtly in* Antonio's *Face, and after ſome Pauſe, whiſtles a Piece of a Tune.*

Ant. You are merry, Brother.

D. *Low.* It's a Lye.

Ant. How, Brother?

D. *Low.* A damn'd Lye—I am not merry. [*Smiling.*

Ant. What are you then?

D. *Low.* Very angry. [*Laughing.*

Ant. Hi! hi! hi! at what, Brother? [*Mimicking him.*

D. *Low.* Why, at a very wiſe Settlement I have made lately.

Ant. What Settlement, good Brother: I find he has heard of it. [*Aſide.*

D. *Low.* What do you think I have done?——I have——this deep Head of mine has——diſinherited my elder Son, becauſe his Underſtanding's an Honour to my Family; and given it all to my younger, becauſe he's a Puppy! a Puppy.

Ant. Come, I gueſs your Meaning, Brother.

D. *Low.* Do you ſo, Sir? Why then I muſt tell you flat and plain, my Boy *Charles* muſt and ſhall inherit it.

Ant. I ſay No, unleſs *Charles* had a Soul to value his Fortune: What! he ſhould manage eight thouſand Crowns a Year out of the *Metaphyſicks*! *Aſtronomy* ſhould look to my Vineyards! *Horace* ſhould buy off my Wines! *Tragedy* ſhould kill my Mutton! *Hiſtory* ſhould cut down my

my Hay! *Homer* ſhould get in my *Corn*! *Titere tu Patulæ* look to my Sheep! and *Geometry* bring my Harveſt home ——— Hark you, Brother, do you know what Learning is?

D. *Lew.* What if I don't, Sir, I believe it's a fine Thing, and that's enough—Tho' I can ſpeak no *Greek*, I love and honour the Sound of it, and *Charles* ſpeaks it loftily; I'gad, he thunders it out, Sir, and, let me tell you, Sir, if you had ever the Grace to have heard but ſix Lines of *Heſiod*, or *Homer*, or *Iliad*, or any of the *Greek* Poets, ods Heart! it would have made your Hair ſtand an end; Sir, he has read ſuch Things in my Hearing ———

Ant. But did you underſtand 'em, Brother?

D. *Lew.* I tell you, No. What does that ſignify? The very Sound's a ſufficient Comfort to an honeſt Man.

Ant. Fy! fy! I wonder you talk ſo, you that are old, and ſhould underſtand.

D. *Lew.* Should, Sir! Yes, and do, Sir; Sir, I'd have you to know, I have ſtudy'd, I have run over *Hiſtory*, *Poetry*, *Philoſophy*.

Ant. Yes, like a Cat over a *Harpſicord*, rare Muſick—You have read Catalogues, I believe. Come, come, Brother, my younger Boy is a fine Gentleman.

D. *Lew.* A ſad Dog——I'll buy a prettier Fellow in a Pennyworth of Ginger-bread.

Ant. What I propoſe, I'll do, Sir, ſay you your Pleaſure——Here comes one I muſt talk with——Well, Brother, what News?

Enter Charino.

Cha. O! to our Wiſhes, Sir; *Clody*'s a right Bait for a Girl, Sir; a budding ſprightly Fellow: She's a little ſhy at firſt; but I gave him his Cue, and the Rogue does ſo whisk, and friſk, and ſing, and dance her about, Odsbud! he plays like a Grayhound. Noble Don *Lewis*, I am your humble Servant: Come, what ſay you? Shall I prevail with you to ſettle ſome Part of your Eſtate upon young *Clody*?

D. *Lew.* *Clody*!

Cha. Ay, your Nephew *Clody*.

D. *Lew.* Settle upon him!

Cha. Ay.

D. *Lew.*

D. *Low.* Why, look you, I han't much Land to ſpare; but I have an admirable Horſe-Pond —— I'll ſettle that upon him, if you will.

Ant. Come let him have his Way, Sir, he's old and haſty; my Eſtate's ſufficient. How does your Daughter, Sir?

Cha. Ripe, and ready, Sir, like a bluſhing Roſe, ſhe only waits for the pulling.

Ant. Why then, let to-morrow be the Day.

Cha. With all my Heart; get you the Writings ready, my Girl ſhall be here in the Morning.

D. *Low.* Hark you, Sir, do you ſuppoſe my *Charles* ſhall ——

Cha. Sir, I ſuppoſe nothing; what I'll do, I'll juſtify; what your Brother does, let him anſwer.

Ant. That I have already, Sir, and ſo good Morrow to your Patience, Brother. [*Exeunt.*

D. *Low. Sancho!*

Sanc. Sir.

D. *Low.* Fetch me ſome Gun-powder—quick—quick.

Sanc. Sir!

D. *Low.* Some Gun-powder, I ſay,——a Barrel—— quickly—and, d'ye hear, three Penny-worth of Ratsbane! —Hey! ay, I'll blow up one, and poiſon the other.

Sanc. Come, Sir, I ſee what you would be at, and if you dare take my Advice, (I don't want Wit at a Pinch, Sir) e'en let me try, if I can fire my Maſter enough with the Praiſes of the young Lady, to make him rival his Brother; that would blow 'em up indeed, Sir.

D. *Low.* Pſha! impoſſible, he never ſpoke ſix Words to any Woman in his Life, but his Bed-maker.

Sanc. So much the better, Sir; therefore, if he ſpeaks at all, it's the more likely to be out of the Road—— Hark, he rings——I muſt wait upon him. [*Exit.*

D. *Low.* Theſe damn'd old Rogues!—I can't look my poor Boy in the Face: But come, *Charles*, let 'em go on, thou ſhalt not want Money to buy thee Books yet— That old Fool thy Father, and his young Puppy, ſhall not ſhare a Great of mine between 'em! Nay, to plague 'em, I could find in my Heart to fall ſick in a Pet, give thee my Eſtate in a Paſſion, and leave the World in a Fury. [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Antonio *and* Sancho.

Ant. SIR, he shall have what's fit for him.

Sanc. No Inheritance, Sir?

Ant. Enough to give him Books, and a moderate Maintenance: That's as much as he cares for; you talk like a Fool, a Coxcomb; trouble him with Land—

Sanc. What Master *Claudio* have all, Sir?

Ant. All, all; he knows how to use it; he's a Man bred in this World; t'other in the Skies, his Business is altogether above Stairs; go, see what he wants.

Sanc. A Father, I am sure. [*Exit* Sancho.

Ant. What, will none of my Rogues come near me now? O! here they are.

Enter several Servants.

Well, Sir, in the first Place, can you procure me a plentiful Dinner for about fifty, within two Hours? Your young Master is to be marry'd this Morning; will that spur you, Sir?

Cook. Young Master, Sir! I wish your Honour had given me a little more Warning.

Ant. Sir, you have as much as I had; I was not sure of it half an hour ago.

Cook. Sir, I will try what I can do——Hey! *Pedro! Gusman!* Come, stir, ho! [*Exit Cook.*

Ant. Butler, open the Cellar to all good Fellows; if any Man offers to sneak away sober, knock him down! Is the Musick come?

But. They are within, at Breakfast, Sir.

Ant. That's well: Here, let this Room be clean'd.——You, Hussy, see the Bride-bed made; take care no young Jade cuts the Cords asunder, and look the Sheets be fine, and well-scented——and, d'ye hear,——lay on three Pillows!——away! [*Exeunt.*

Carlos *alone in his Study.*

Car. What a perpetual Noise these People make! my Head is broken with a *Parenthesis* in every Corner; I have

have forgot to eat and ſleep, with Reading; all my Faculties turn into Study: What a Misfortune 'tis in human Nature, that the Body will not live on that which feeds the Mind!—How unprofitable a Pleaſure is eating!—*Sancho!*

Enter Sancho.

Sanc. Did you call, Sir?

Car. Prithee, what Noiſe is this?

Sanc. The Cooks are hard at work, Sir, chopping Herbs, and mincing Meat, and breaking Marrow-bones.

Car. And is it thus at every Dinner?

Sanc. No, Sir; but we have high Doings to Day.

Car. Well, ſet this *Folio* in its Place again; then make me a little Fire, and get a Manchet; I'll dine alone.—Does my younger Brother ſpeak any *Greek* yet, *Sancho?*

Sanc. No, Sir, but he ſpits *French* like a Magpy, and that's more in Faſhion.

Car. He ſteps before me there; I think I read it well enough to underſtand it, but when I am to give it Utterance, it quarrels with my Tongue!—Again that Noiſe! Prithee tell me, *Sancho*, are there any Princes to dine here?

Sanc. Some that are as happy as Princes, Sir,—your Brother's marry'd to day.

Car. What of that! might not ſix Diſhes ſerve 'em? I never have but one, and eat of that but ſparingly.

Sanc. Sir, all the Country round is invited; not a Dog that knows the Houſe, but comes too; all open, Sir.

Car. Prithee, who is it my Brother marries?

San. Old *Charino*'s Daughter, Sir, the great Heireſs; a delicate Creature; young, ſoft, ſmooth, fair, plump, and ripe as a Cherry—and they ſay, modeſt too.

Car. That's ſtrange; prithee how do theſe modeſt Women look? I never yet convers'd with any but my own Mother; to me they ever were but Shadows, ſeen and unregarded.

Sanc. Ah! wou'd you ſaw this Lady, Sir, ſhe'd draw you farther than your *Archimedes*; ſhe has a better Secret than any's in *Ariſtotle*, if you ſtudy'd for it: I'gad you'd find her the prettieſt natural Philoſopher to play with!

Car. Is ſhe ſo fine a Creature?

Sanc. Such Eyes! ſuch Looks! ſuch a Pair of pretty plump, pouting Lips! ſuch ſoftneſs in her Voice! ſuch

Muſick

Muſick too! and when ſhe ſmiles, ſuch roguiſh Dimples in her Cheeks! ſuch a clear Skin! white Neck, and a little lower, ſuch a pair of round, hard, heaving what d'ye call-ums——ah!

Car. Why, thou art in Love, *Sancho.*

Sanc. Ay! ſo would you be, if you ſaw her, Sir.

Car. I don't think ſo. What Settlement does my Father make 'em?

Sanc. Only all his dirty Land, Sir, and makes your Brother his ſole Heir.

Car. Muſt I have nothing?

Sanc. Books in abundance; Leave to ſtudy your Eyes out, Sir.

Car. I am the elder born, and have a Title too.

Sanc. No matter for that, Sir, he'll have Poſſeſſion—of the Lady too.

Car. I wiſh him happy — he'll not inherit my little Underſtanding too!

Sanc. O, Sir, he's more a Gentleman than to do that —— Ods me! Sir, Sir, here comes the very Lady, the Bride, your Siſter that muſt be, and her Father.

Enter Charino *and* Angelina.

Stand cloſe, you'll both ſee and hear, Sir.

Car. I ne'er ſaw any yet ſo fair! ſuch Sweetneſs in her Look! ſuch Modeſty! if we may think the Eye the Window to the Heart, ſhe has a thouſand treaſur'd Virtues there.

Sanc. So! the Book's gone. [*Aſide.*

Cha. Come, prithee put on a briſker Look; Odsheart, doſt thou think in Conſcience, that's fit for thy Wedding-Day?

Ang. Sir, I wiſh it were not quite ſo ſudden; a little Time for farther Thought perhaps had made it eaſier to me: To change for ever, is no Trifle, Sir.

Car. A Wonder!

Cha. Look you, his Fortune I have taken care of, and his Perſon you have no Exceptions to. What, in the Name of *Venus*, would the Girl have?

Ang. I never ſaid, of all the World I made him, Sir, my Choice: Nay, tho' he be yours, I cannot ſay I am highly pleas'd with him, nor yet am averſe; but I had rather

rather welcome your Commands and him, than Diſobedience,

Cha. O! if that be all, Madam, to make you eaſy, my Commands are at your Service.

Ang. I have done with my Objections, Sir.

Car. Such Underſtanding, in ſo ſoft a Form!——Happy——Happy Brother!——may he be happy, while I ſit down in Patience, and alone!——I have gaz'd too much——Reach me an *Ovid*. [*Exeunt* Car. *and* San.

Cha. I ſay, put on your beſt Looks, Huſſy——for here he comes, Faith.

Enter Clodio.

Ah! my dear *Clody*!

Clo. My dear [*Kiſſes him.*] dear Dad. Ha! *Ma Princeſſe! eſtes vous la donc!* A ha! *Non, non. Jene my connois Guerre*, &c. [*Sings*] Look, look,——look, o' Sly-boots; what, ſhe knows nothing of the Matter! But you will, Child.——I 'gad, I ſhall count the Clock extremely to-night: Let me ſee——what Time ſhall I riſe to-morrow?——Not till after Nine,—Ten,—Eleven, for a Piſtole. Ah——*C'eſt a dire votre cœur inſenſible eſt en fin vaincu. Non, non*, &c. [*Sings a ſecond Verſe.*

Enter Antonio, Don Lewis, *and* Lawyer.

Ant. Well ſaid, *Clody*; my noble Brother, welcome: my fair Daughter, I give you Joy.

Clo. And ſo will I too, Sir. *Allons! Vivons! Chanſons! Danſons! Hey! L'autre Tour*, &c. [*Sings and Dances*, &c.

Ant. Well ſaid again, Boy. Sir, you and your Writings are welcome. What, my angry Brother! nay, you muſt have your Welcome too, or we ſhall make but a flat Feaſt on't.

D. *Lew.* Sir, I am not welcome, nor I won't be welcome, nor no Body's welcome, and you are all a parcel of——

Cha. What, Sir?

D. *Lew.*——Miſerable Wretches——ſad Dogs.

Ant. Come, pray, Sir, bear with him, he's old and haſty; but he'll dine, and be good Company for all this.

D. *Lew.* A ſtrange Lye, that.

Clo. Ha, ha, ha, poor Teſty, ha, ha.

D. *Lew.* Don't laugh, my dear Rogue, prithee don't

laugh now; Faith, I ſhall break thy Head, if thou doſt.

Clo. Gad ſo! what, then I find you are angry at me, dear Uncle?

D. *Lew.* Angry at thee, hey, Puppy!—Why, what!—what doſt thou ſee in that lovely hatchet Face of thine, that's worth my being out of Humour at? Blood and Fire, ye Dog, get out of my Sight, or ———

Ant. Nay, Brother, this is too far ———

D. *Lew.* Angry at him, a Son of a —— Son's Son of a Whore!

Cha. Ha, ha, poor peeviſh ———

D. *Lew.* I'd fain have ſome Body poiſon him. [*To himſelf.*] Ah, that ſweet Creature! Muſt this fair Flower be cropp'd to ſtick up in a piece of raſcally Earthen Ware? I muſt ſpeak to her — Puppy, ſtand out of my Way.

Clo. Ha, ha! ay, now for't.

D. *Lew.* [*To* Angelina.] Ah! ——ah! —— ah! Madam —— I pity you; you're a lovely young Creature, and ought to have a handſome Man yok'd to you, one of Underſtanding too: —— I am ſorry to ſay it, but this Fellow's Scull's extremely thick —— he can never get any thing upon that fair Body, but Muffs and Snuff-boxes; or, ſay, he ſhould have a Thing ſhap'd like a Child, you can make nothing of it, but a Tailor.

Clo. Ods me! why, you are teſty, my dear Uncle.

D. *Lew.* Will no body take that troubleſome Dog out of my Sight —— I can't ſtay where he is ——— I'll go ſee my poor Boy *Charles* ——— I've diſturb'd you, Madam; your humble Servant.

Ant. You'll come again, and drink the Bride's Health, Brother?

D. *Lew.* That Lady's Health I may; and, if ſhe'll give me Leave, perhaps ſit by her at Table too.

Clo. Ha, ha; bye Nuncle.

D. *Lew.* Puppy, good bye —— [*Exit* D. Lewis.

Ang. An odd-humour'd Gentleman.

Ant. Very odd indeed, Child; I ſuppoſe in pure Spite, he'll make my Son *Charles* his Heir.

Ang. Methinks I would not have a light Head, nor one laden with too much Learning, as my Father ſays this

Carles

Carlos is; ſure there's ſomething hid in that Gentleman's Concern for him, that ſpeaks him not ſo mere a Log.

Ant. Come, ſhall we go and ſeal, Brother? the Prieſt ſtays for us; when *Carlos* has ſign'd the Conveyance, as he ſhall preſently, we'll then to the Wedding, and ſo to Dinner.

Cha. With all my heart, Sir.

Clo. Allons! ma chere Princeſſe. [*Exeunt.*

Carlos *in his Study, with* Don Lewis, *and* Sancho.

D. *Lew.* Nay, you are undone.

Car. Then — I muſt ſtudy, Sir, to bear my Fortune.

D. *Lew.* Have you no greater Feeling?

San. You were ſenſible of the great Book, Sir, when it fell upon your Head; and won't the Ruin of your Fortune ſtir you?

Car. Will he have my Books too?

D. *Lew.* No, no, he has a Book, a fine one too, call'd, *The Gentleman's Recreation*; or, *The ſecret Art of getting Sons and Daughters:* Such a Creature! a Beauty in Folio! would thou hadſt her in thy Study, *Carlos*, tho' it were but to new claſp her.

San. He has ſeen her, Sir.

D. *Lew.* Well, and —— and ———

San He flung away his Book, Sir.

D. *Lew.* Did he Faith? would he had flung away his Humour too, and ſpoke to her.

Car. Muſt my Brother then have all?

D. *Lew.* All, all.

San. All that your Father has, Sir.

Car. And that fair Creature too?

San. Ay, Sir.

D. *Lew.* Hey!

Car. He has enough, then. [*Sighing.*

D. *Lew.* He have her, *Charles!* why wou'd, wou'd, that is ———hey!

Car. May I not ſee her, ſometimes, and call her Siſter? I'll do him no Wrong.

D. *Lew.* I can't bear this! 'Sheart, I could cry for Madneſs! Fleſh and Fire! do but ſpeak to her, Man.

Car. I cannot, Sir, her Look requires ſomething of that diſtant Awe, Words of that ſoft Reſpect, and yet

ſuch Force and Meaning too, that I ſhould ſtand confounded to approach her, and yet I long to wiſh her Joy! —— O were I born to give it too!

D. *Lew.* Why, thou ſhalt wiſh her Joy, Boy; Faith, ſhe is a good-humour'd Creature, ſhe'll take it kindly.

Car. Do you think ſo, Uncle?

D. *Lew.* I'll to her, and tell her of you.

Car. Do, Sir —— Stay, Uncle —— will ſhe not think me rude? I would not for the World offend her.

D. *Lew.* 'Fend a Fiddle-ſtick —— let me alone —— I'll —— I'll.

Car. Nay, but, Sir! dear Uncle.

D. *Lew.* A hum! a hum! [*Exit* D. Lewis.

Enter Antonio *and the* Lawyer *with a Writing.*

Ant. Where's my Son?

San. There, Sir, caſting a Figure what chopping Children his Brother ſhall have, and where he ſhall find a new Father for himſelf.

Ant. I ſhall find a Stick for you, Rogue, I ſhall. *Charles*, how doſt thou do? Come hither, Boy.

Car. Your Pleaſure, Sir?

Ant. Nay, no great Matter, Child, only to put your Name here a little, to this bit of Parchment; I think you write a reaſonable good Hand, *Charles*.

Car. Pray, Sir, to what Uſe may it be?

Ant. Only to paſs your Title in the Land I have, to your Brother *Clodio*.

Car. Is it no more, Sir?

Law. That's all, Sir.

Ant. No, no, 'tis nothing elſe; look you, you ſhall be provided for, you ſhall have what Books you pleaſe, and your Means ſhall come in without your Care, and you ſhall always have a Servant to wait on you.

Car. Sir, I thank you; but if you pleaſe, I had rather ſign it before the good Company below; it being, Sir, ſo frank a Gift, 'twill be ſome ſmall Compliment to have done it before the Lady too: There I ſhall ſign it chearfully, and wiſh my Brother Fortune.

Ant. With all my Heart, Child; it's the ſame thing to me.

Car.

Car. You'll excuſe me, Sir, if I make no great Stay with you.

Ant. Do as thou wilt, thou ſhalt do any Thing thou haſt a Mind to. [*Exeunt.*

San. Now has he undone himſelf for ever; Odſheart, I'll down into the Cellar, and be ſtark drunk for Anger. [*Exit.*

The Scene *changes to a Dining-Room; a large Table ſpread.*

Enter Charino *with* Angelina, Clodio, Don Lewis, Ladies, Prieſt, *and a* Lawyer.

Law. COME, let him bring his Son's Hand, and all's done: Are you ready, Sir!

Prieſt. Sir, I ſhall diſpatch them preſently, immediately! for in truth I am an hungry.

Clo. I'gad, I warrant you, the Prieſt and I cou'd both fall to without ſaying Grace —— Ha! you little Rogue! what, you think it long too?

Ang. I find no Fault, Sir; better Things were well done, than done too haſtily —— Sir, you look melancholy. [*To* D. Lewis.

D. *Lewis.* Sweet ſwelling Bloſſom! Ah that I had the gathering of thee! I would ſtick thee in the Boſom of a pretty young Fellow —— Ah! thou haſt miſs'd a Man (but that he is ſo bewitch'd to his Study, and knows no other Miſtreſs than his Mind) ſo far above this feather-headed Puppy ——

Ang. Can he talk, Sir?

D. *Lew.* Like an Angel —— to himſelf —— the Devil a Word to a Woman: His Language is all upon the high Buſineſs: To Heaven, and heavenly Wonders, to Nature, and her dark and ſecret Cauſes.

Ang. Does he ſpeak ſo well there, Sir?

D. *Lew.* To Admiration! ſuch Curioſities! but he can't look a Woman in the Face; if he does, he bluſhes like fifteen.

Ang. But a little Converſation, methinks ——

D. *Lew.* Why, ſo I think too; but the Boy's bewitch'd, and the Devil can't bring him to't: Shall I try if I can't get him to wiſh you Joy?

Ang. I ſhall receive it as becomes his Siſter, Sir.

Clo. Look, look, old Teſty will fall in Love by and by; he's hard at it, ſplit me.

Cha. Let him alone, ſhe'll fetch him about, I warrant you.

Clo. So, here my Father comes! Now, Prieſt! Hey! my Brother too! that's a Wonder! broke like a Spirit from his Cell.

Enter Antonio *and* Carlos.

D. *Lew.* Odſo! here he is! that's he! a little inclining to the lean, or ſo, but his Underſtanding's the fatter for't.

Ant. Come, *Charles*, 'twas your Deſire to ſee my fair Daughter and the good Company, and to ſeal before 'em all, and give your Brother Joy.

Cha. He does well; I ſhall think the better of him as long as I live.

Car. Is this the Lady, Sir?

Ant. Ay, that's your Siſter, *Charles*.

Car. Forbid it, Love! [*Aſide.*] Do you not think ſhe'll grace our Family?

Ant. No doubt on't, Sir.

Car. Shou'd I not thank her for ſo unmerited a Grace?

Ant. Ay, and welcome, *Charles*.

D. *Lew.* Now, my Boy! give her a gentle Twiſt by the Fingers! lay your Lips ſoftly, ſoftly, cloſe and plum to hers. [*Apart to* Carlos.

Car. Pardon a Stranger's Freedom, Lady — [*Salutes* Angelina.] Diſſolving Softneſs! O the drowning Joy! — Happy, Happy he that ſips eternally ſuch Nectar down, that unconfin'd may lave and wanton there in fateleſs Draughts of ever-ſpringing Beauty. —— But you, fair Creature, ſhare by far the higher Joy; if, as I've read, (nay, now am ſure) the ſole Delight of Love lies only in the Power to give.

Ang. How near his Thoughts agree with mine! This the mere Scholar I was told of! [*Aſide.*] —— I find, Sir, you have experienc'd Love, you ſeem acquainted with the Paſſion.

Car. I've had, indeed, a dead pale Glimpſe in Theory, but never ſaw th' enlivening Light before.

Ang. Ha! before! [*Aſide.*

Ant.

Ant. Well, theſe are very fine Compliments, *Charles*; but you ſay nothing to your Brother yet.

Car. O yes, and wiſh him, Sir, with any other Beauty, (if poſſible) more laſting Joy than I could taſte with her.

Ang. He ſpeaks unhappily.

Clo. Ha! ——— what do you ſay, Brother?

Ant. Nay, for my part, I don't underſtand him.

Cha. Nor I.

D. *Lew.* Stand clear, I do ——— and that ſweet Creature too, I hope.

Ang. Too well, I fear. [*Aſide.*

Ant. Come, come, to the Writing, *Charles*; prithee leave thy ſtudying, Man.

Car. I leave my Life firſt; I ſtudy now to be a Man; before, *what Man was*, was but my *Argument*; ——— I am now on the *Proof!* I find, I feel myſelf a Man — nay, I fear it too.

D *Lew.* He has it! he has it! my Boy's in for't.

Clo. Come, come, will you ——

D. *Lew.* Stand out of the Way, Puppy.

[*Interpoſing with his Back to* Clody.

Car. Whence is it, Fair, that while I offer Speech to you, my Thoughts want Words, my Words their free and honeſt Utterance? Why is it thus I tremble at your Touch, and fear your Frown, as would a frighted Child the dreadful Lightning? Yet ſhould my deareſt Friend or Brother dare to check my vain deluded Wiſhes, O! I ſhould turn, and tear him like an offended Lion ——— Is this, can it, muſt it be in a Siſter's Power?

Clo. Come, come, will you ſign, Brother?

D. *Lew.* Time enough, Puppy.

Car. O! if you knew with what precipitated Haſte you hurry on a Deed that makes you bleſs'd, or miſerable for ever, ev'n yet, near as you are to Happineſs, you'd find no Danger in a Moment's Pauſe.

Clo. I ſay, will you ſign, Brother?

Car. Away, I have no Time for Trifles! Room for an elder Brother.

D. *Lew.* Why, did not I bid thee ſtand out of the Way now?

Ant. Ay, but this is trifling, *Charles!* come, come, your Hand, Man.

Car. Your Pardon, Sir, I cannot ſeal yet? had you only ſhew'd me Land, I had reſign'd it free, and proud to have beſtow'd it to your Pleaſure: 'Tis Care, 'tis Dirt, and Trouble: But you have open'd to me ſuch a Treaſure, ſuch unimagin'd Mines of ſolid Joy, that I perceive my Temper ſtubborn now, ev'n to a churliſh Avarice of Love —— Heaven direct my Fortune.

Ant. And ſo you won't part with your Title, Sir?

Car. Sooner with my Soul of Reaſon, be a Plant, a Beaſt, a Fiſh, a Fly, and only make the Number of Things up, than yield one Foot of Land —— if ſhe be ty'd to't.

Cha. I don't like this; he talks odly, methinks.

Ang. Yet with a Bravery of Soul might warm the coldeſt Heart. [*Aſide.*

Clo. Pſhaw, Pox, prithee, Brother, you had better think of thoſe Things in your Study, Man!

Car. Go you and ſtudy, for 'tis Time, young Brother: Turn o'er the tedious Volumes I have read; think, and digeſt them well! the wholſomeſt Food for green conſumptive Minds; wear out whole faſted Days, and by the pale weak Lamp, pore away the freezing Nights; rather make dim thy Sight, than leave thy Mind in Doubt and Darkneſs: Confine thy uſeleſs Travels to thy Cloſet, traverſe the wiſe and civil Lives of good and great Men dead; compare 'em with the Living: Tell me why *Cæſar* periſh'd by the Hand that lov'd him moſt? and why his Enemies deplor'd him? Diſtil the Sweetneſs from the Poet's Spring, and learn to ſoften thy Deſires; nor dare to dream of Marriage-Vows, 'till thou haſt taught thy Soul, like mine, to love —— Is it for thee to wear a Jewel of this ineſtimable Worth?

D. *Lew.* Ah! *Charles!* [*Kiſſes him.*] What ſay you to the Scholar now, Chicken?

Ang. A Wonder! —— Is this Gentleman your Brother, Sir? [*To* Clody.

Clo. Hey! no, my —— Madam, not quite — that is, he is a little a-kin by the —— Pox on him, would he were bury'd — I can't tell what to ſay to him, ſplit me.

Ant.

Ant. Poſitively, you will not ſeal then, ha?

Car. Neither —— I ſhould not blindly ſay I will not ſeal ——— Let me intreat a Moment's Pauſe —— for, even yet, perhaps, I may. [*Sighing.*

Ang. Forbid it, Fortune!

Ant. O, may you ſo, Sir!

Clo. Ay! Sir, hey! What, you are come to yourſelf I find, 'ſheart!

Cha. Ay, ay, give him a little Time, he'll think better on't, I warrant you.

Car. Perhaps, fair Creature, I have done you Wrong, whoſe plighted Love and Hope went Hand in Hand together; but I conjure you, think my Life were hateful after ſo baſe, ſo barbarous an Act as parting 'em: What! to lay waſte at once for ever, all the gay Bloſſoms of your forward Fortune, the promis'd Wiſhes of your young Deſire, your fruitful Beauty, and your ſpringing Joy; your thriving Softneſs, and your cluſter'd Kiſſes, growing on the Lips of Love, devour'd with an unthirſty Infant's Appetite! O forbid it, Love! forbid it, Nature and Humanity! I have no Land, no Fortune, Life, or Being, while your Neceſſity of Peace requires 'em: Say! or give me Need to think your ſmalleſt Hope depends on my objected Ruin; my Ruin is my Safety there; my Fortune, or my Life reſign'd with Joy, ſo your Account of happy Hours were thence but rais'd to any added Number.

Cha. Why ay! there's ſome Civility in this.

Clo. The Fellow really talks very prettily.

Car. But if in bare Compliance to a Father's Will, you now but ſuffer Marriage, or what's worſe, give it as an extorted Bond, impos'd on the Simplicity of your Youth, and dare confeſs you wiſh ſome honeſt Friend would ſave, or free you from its hard Conditions; I then again have Land, have Life, and Reſolution, waiting ſtill upon your happier Fortune.

Clo. Ha, ha! pert enough, that! I'gad! I long to ſee what this will come to!

Prieſt. In truth, unleſs ſome Body is marry'd preſently, the Dinner will be ſpoil'd, and then ——— no Body will be able to eat it.

Ant. Brother, I ſay, let's remove the Lady.

Cha. Force her from him!

Car. 'Tis too late! I have a Figure here! Sooner ſhall Bodies leave their Shade; as well you might attempt to ſhut old Time into a Den, and from his downy Wings waſh the ſwift Hours away, or ſteal Eternity to ſtop his Glaſs; ſo fix'd, ſo rooted here is every growing Thought of her.

Clo. Gads me; what, now it's troubleſome again, is it?

Car. Conſider, fair one, now's the very Criſis of our Fate: You cannot have it ſure, to ask if Honour be the Parent of my Love: If you can love for Love, and think your Heart rewarded there, like two young Vines we'll curl together, circling our Souls in never-ending Joy; we'll ſpring together, and we'll bear one Fruit; one Joy ſhall make us ſmile, one Sorrow mourn; one Age go with us, one Hour of Death ſhall cloſe our Eyes, and one cold Grave ſhall hold us happy——— Say but you hate me not! O ſpeak! Give but the ſofteſt Breath to that tranſporting Thought!

Ang. Need I then ſpeak; to ſay, I'm far from hating you — I would ſay more, but there is nothing fit for me to ſay.

Cha. I'll bear it no longer———

Ang. On this you may depend, I cannot like that Marriage was propos'd me.

Car. How ſhall my Soul requite this Goodneſs?

Cha. Beyond Patience! This is downright Inſolence! Roguery! Rape!

Ant. Part 'em.

Clo. Ay, ay! part 'em, part 'em.

D. *Lew.* Doll! dum: dum!———

[*Sings, and draws in their Defence.*

Cha. Call an Officer, I'll have 'em forc'd aſunder.

Ang. Nay, then I am reduc'd to take Protection here. [*Goes to* Carlos.

Car. O Extaſy of Heart! tranſporting Joy!

D. *Lew.* Lorra! Dorrol! Loll! [*Sings and dances.*

Cha. A Plot! a Plot againſt my Honour! Murder! Treaſon! Gun-powder! I'll be reveng'd!

Ant. Sir, you ſhall have Satisfaction.

Cha.

Cha. I'll be reveng'd!

Ant. *Carlos*, I ſay, forego the Lady.

Car. Never, while I have Senſe of Being, Life, or Motion.

Clo. You won't! Gadſo! What, then I find I muſt lug out upon this Buſineſs? *Allons!* the Lady, Sir!

D. *Lew.* Lorra! Dorrol! Loll!

[*Preſenting his Point to* Clodio.

Cha. I'll have his Blood!

Car. Hold, Uncle! Come, Brother! ſheath your Anger——— I'll do my beſt to ſatisfy you all——— but firſt I would intreat a Bleſſing here.

Ant. Out of my Doors! thou art no Son of mine!

[*Exit* Ant.

Car. I am ſorry I have loſt a Father, Sir——— For you, Brother, ſince once you had a ſeeming Hope, in lieu of what you've loſt, half of my Birth-right.

Clo. No Halves! no Halves, Sir! the whole Lady!

Car. Why, then the Whole, if you can like the Terms.

Clo. What Terms? What Terms? Come, quick, quick.

Car. The firſt is this——— [*Snatches* Don Lewis's *Sword.*] Win her, and wear her; for on my Soul, unleſs my Body fail, my Mind ſhall never yield thee up a Thought in Love.

D. *Lew.* Gramercy, *Charles!* To him, Boy! I'gad, this Love has made a Man of him.

Car. This is the firſt good Sword I ever pois'd in Anger yet; 'tis ſharp I'm ſure; if it but hold my putting home, I ſhall ſo hunt your Inſolence!——— I feel the Fire of ten ſtrong Spirits in me: Wer't thou a native Fencer, in ſo fair a Cauſe, I thus ſhould hold thee at the worſt Defiance.

Clo. Look you, Brother, take care of yourſelf, I ſhall certainly be in you the firſt Thruſt; but if you had rather, d'ye ſee, we'll talk a little calmly about this Buſineſs.

Car. Away, Trifler! I would be loth to prove thee a Coward too.

Clo. Coward! why then, really, Sir, if you pleaſe,

Midriff's

Midriff's the Word, Brother; you are a Son of a Whore — *Allons!* [*They fight, and* Clodio *is diſarm'd.*

Cha. His Blood! I ſay his Blood! I'll have it, by all the Scars and Wounds of Honour in my Family. [*Exit.*

Car. There, Sir, take your Life — and mend it — be gone without Reply.

Ang. Are you wounded, Sir?

Car. Only in my Fears for you: How ſhall we beſtow us, Uncle?

D. *Lew.* Poſitively, we are not ſafe here, this Lady being an Heireſs. Follow me.

Car. Good Angels guard us. [*Exeunt with* Ang.

Clo. Gadſo! I never fenc'd ſo ill in all my Life — never in my Life, ſplit me!

Enter Monſieur.

Monſ. Sire, here be de Trompete, de Haute-Boy, de Muſique, de Maitre Danſer, dat deſeer to know if you ſal be pleaſe to 'ave de Maſque begin.

Clo. Hey! what does this Puppy ſay now?

Monſ. Sire, de Muſique.

Clo. Why ay — that's true — but — tell 'em — Plague on 'em, tell 'em, they are not ready tun'd.

Monſ. Sire, dare is all Tune, all prepare.

Clo. Ay! Why then, tell 'em that my Brother's wife again, and has ſpoil'd all, and I am bubbled, and ſo I ſhan't be marry'd 'till next Time: But I have fought with him, and he has diſarm'd me; and ſo he won't releaſe the Land, nor give me my Miſtreſs again; and I—I am undone, that's all. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Charino, Antonio, *Officers, and Servants.*

Cha. Officer, do your Duty: I ſay, ſeize 'em all.

Ant. Carry 'em this Minute before a — How now! what, all fled?

Cha. Ha! my Girl! my Child! my Heireſs! I am abus'd! I am cheated! I am robb'd! I am raviſh'd! murder'd! and flung in a Ditch.

Ant. Who let 'em out? Which Way went they, Villains?

Serv. Sir, We had no Order to ſtop them; but they went out at that Door, not ſix Minutes ago.

Cha.

Cha. I'll purſue them with Bills, Warrants, Actions, Writs, and Malice: I'm a Lawyer, Sir; they ſhall find I underſtand Ruin.

Ant. Nay, they ſhall be found, Sir; run you to the Port, Sirrah, ſee if any Ships are going off, and bring us Notice immediately.

Enter Sancho *drunk.*

San. Ban, ban, Cac-caliban! [*Sings.*

Ant. Here comes a Rogue, I'll warrant, knows the Bottom of all! Where's my Son, Villain?

San. Son, Sir!

Cha. Where's my Daughter, Sirrah?

San. Daughter, Sir?

Cha. Ay, my Daughter, Raſcal!

San. Why, Sir, they told me, juſt now, Sir—that ſhe's———ſhe's run away.

Ant. Dog, where's your Maſter?

San. My Maſter! why, they ſay he is———

Ant. Where, Sirrah?

San. Why, he is——he is——gone along with her.

Ant. Death! you Dog, diſcover him, or———

San. Sir, I will———I will.

Ant. Where is he, Villain?

San. Where, Sir? Why, to be ſure he is———he is———upon my Soul, I don't know, Sir.

Ant. No more trifling, Raſcal.

San. If I do, Sir, I wiſh this may be my Poiſon. [*Drinks.*

Ant. Death! you Dog, get out of my Houſe, or I'll———So, Sir, have you found him?

Re-enter the Servant haſtily, and Clodio.

Clo. Ay, Sir, have you found 'em?

Serv. Yes, Sir, I had Sight of 'em; but they were juſt got on Board a ſmall Veſſel, before I could overtake 'em.

Cha. Death and Furies!

Ant. Whither were they bound, Sirrah!

Serv. Sir, I could not diſcover that; but they were full before the Wind, with a very ſmart Gale.

Ant. What ſhall we do, Brother!

Clo. Be as ſmart as they, Sir; follow 'em; follow 'em

Cha

Cha. Send to the Port this Moment, and ſecure a Ship; I'll purſue 'em thro' all the Elements.

Clo. I'll follow you, by the Northern Star.

Ant. Run to the Port again, Rogue; hire a Ship, and tell 'em they muſt hoiſt Sail immediately.

Clo. And, you Rogue, run to my Chamber, fill up my Snuff-box——Cram it hard, you Dog, and be here again before you get thither.

Ant. What, will you take nothing elſe, Boy?

Clo. Nothing, Sir, but Snuff and Opportunity——we're in haſte! *Allons!* hey! *Je vole.*

ACT III.

The SCENE Lisbon.

Enter Elvira, *Don* Duart, *and Governor.*

Elv. DEAR Brother, let me intreat you, ſtay; why will you provoke your Danger?

D. Du. Madam, my Honour muſt be ſatisfied.

Elv. That's done already, by the degrading Blow you gave him.

Gov. Pray, Neice, what is it has incens'd him?

Elv. Nothing but a needleſs Quarrel.

Gov. I am ſorry for him——To whom is all this Fury, Nephew?

D. *Du.* To you, Sir, or any Man that dares oppoſe me.

Gov. Come, you are too boiſterous, Sir; and this vain Opinion of your Courage, taken on your late Succeſs in Duelling, makes you daily ſhunn'd by Men of civil Converſation: For Shame, leave off theſe ſenſeleſs Brawls; if you are valiant, as you would be thought, turn out your Courage to the Wars; let your King and Country be the better for't.

D. *Du.* Yes, ſo I might be General——Sir, no Man living ſhall command me.

Gov.

Gov. Sir, you ſhall find that here in *Lisbon* I will: I'm every Hour follow'd with Complaints of your Behaviour from Men of almoſt all Conditions; and my Authority, which you preſume will bear you out, becauſe you are my Nephew, no longer ſhall protect you now: Expect your next Diſorder to be puniſh'd with as much Severity, as his that is a Stranger to my Blood.

D. *Du.* Puniſh me! You, nor your Office, dare not do't.

Gov. Away! Juſtice dares do any thing ſhe ought.

Elv. Brother, this brutal Temper muſt be caſt off: When you can maſter that, you ſhall gladly command my Fortune. But if you ſtill perſiſt, expect my Prayers and Vows for your Converſion only; but never Means, or Favour.

D. *Du.* Fire! and Furies! I'm tutor'd here like a mere School-boy! Women ſhall judge of Injuries in Honour!———For you, Sir———I was born free, and will not curb my Spirit, nor is it for your Authority to tempt it: Give me the Uſage of a Man of Honour, or 'tis not your Government ſhall protect you. [*Exit.*

Gov. I am ſorry to ſee this, Neice, for your ſake.

Elv. Wou'd he were not my Brother.

Enter Don Manuel, *and Sailors, with* Angelina.

D. *Man.* Divide the Spoil amongſt you: This fair Captive I only challenge for myſelf.

Gov. Ha! ſome Prize brought in.

Sail. Sir, ſhe's yours; you fought, and well deſerve her.

Gov. Noble Don *Manuel!* welcome on Shore! I ſee you are fortunate; for I preſume that's ſome uncommon Prize.

D. *Man.* She is indeed———Theſe ten Years I have known the Seas, and many rough Engagements there; but never ſaw ſo ſmall a Bark ſo long defended, with ſuch incredible Valour, and by two Men ſcarce arm'd too.

Gov. Is't poſſible!

D. *Man.* Nay, and their Contempt of Death, when taken, exceeds even all they acted in their Freedom.

Gov. Pray, tell us, Sir.

D. *Man.*

D. *Man.* When they were brought aboard us, both diſarm'd and ready to be fetter'd, they look'd as they had ſworn never to take the Bread of Bondage, and on a ſudden ſnatching up their Swords, (the younger taking firſt from this fair Maid a Farewel only with his Eyes) both leapt into the Sea.

Gov. 'Tis wonderful indeed.

D. *Man.* It wrought ſo much upon me, had not our own Safety hinder'd, (at that Time a great Ship purſuing us) I wou'd in Charity have ta'en 'em up, and with their Lives they ſhould have had their Liberty.

Ang. Too late, alas! they're loſt! (Heart-wounding Thought!) for ever loſt! ——I now am friendleſs, miſerable, and a Slave.

D. *Man.* Take Comfort, Fair One, perhaps you yet again may ſee 'em: They were not quite a League from Shore, and with ſuch Strength and Courage broke through the rolling Waves, they cou'd not fail of Life and Safety.

Ang. In that laſt Hope, I brook a wretched Being: But if they're dead, my Woes will find ſo many Doors to let out Life, I ſhall not long ſurvive 'em.

Elv. Alas! poor Lady! Come, Sir, Miſery but weeps the more, when ſhe is gaz'd on——we trouble her.

Gov. I wait on you: Your Servant, Sir——

[*Exeunt* Elv. *and* Gov.

D. *Man.* Now, my fair Captive, tho' I confeſs you beautiful, yet give me Leave to own my Heart has long been in another's keeping; therefore the Favour I am about to ask, you may at leaſt hear with Safety.

Ang. This has engag'd me, Sir, to hear.

D. *Man.* Theſe three Years have I honourably lov'd a noble Lady, her Name *Louiſa*, the beauteous Neice of great *Ferrara*'s Duke: Her Perſon and Fortune uncontrol'd, ſole Miſtreſs of herſelf and me, who long have languiſh'd in an hopeleſs Conſtancy: Now I perceive, in all your Language, and your Looks a ſoftning Power, nor can a Suit by you promoted, be deny'd: Therefore I wou'd a while intreat your Leave to recommend you, as her Companion, to this Lady's Favour: And (as I am ſure you'll ſoon be near her cloſeſt Thoughts) if

you

you can think upon the honeſt Courteſies I hitherto have ſhewn your Modeſty, and in your happy Talk, but name with any Mark of Favour me, or my unweary'd Love, 'twould be a generous Act wou'd fix me ever grateful to its Memory.

Ang. Such poor Aſſiſtance, Sir, as one diſtreſs'd like me, can give, ſhall willingly be paid: If I can ſteal but any Thoughts from my own Misfortunes, reſt aſſur'd, they'll be employ'd in healing yours.

D. *Man.* I'll ſtudy to deſerve this Goodneſs; for the preſent, think my poor Houſe your own; at Night I'll wait on you to the Lady, 'till when, I am your Guard.

Ang. You have bound me to your Service——

[*Exeunt D.* Manuel *and* Angelina.

The SCENE *changes to a Church, the Veſpers ſuppos'd to be juſt ended, ſeveral walking out.* Carlos *and Don* Lewis *riſing near* Louiſa *and* Honoria. Louiſa *obſerving* Carlos.

Hon. Come, Madam, ſhall we walk out? The Croud's pretty well over now.

Lou. But then that melancholy Softneſs in his Look! [*To herſelf.*

Hon. Couſin! *Donna Louiſa!*

Lou. Ev'n in his Devotions too, ſuch graceful Adoration——ſo ſweet a——

Hon. Couſin, will you go?

Lou. Pſhaw, time enough——Prithee let's walk a little this Way.

Hon. What's the Matter with her?

[*They walk from D.* Lewis *and* Carlos.

Car. To what are we reſerv'd!

D. *Lew.* For no Good, I am afraid——my ill Luck don't uſe to give over, when her Hand's in; ſhe's always in haſte——One Misfortune generally comes galloping in upon the Back of another——Drowning we have eſcap'd miraculouſly; wou'd the Fear of Hanging were over too; our being ſo ſtrangely ſav'd from one, ſmells damnable rank of the other. Tho' I am oblig'd to thee, *Charles*, for what Life I have, and I'll thank thee for't, if ever I ſet Foot upon my Eſtate again: Faith,

Faith, I was juſt gone; if thou hadſt not taken me upon thy Back the laſt hundred Yards, by this Time I had been Food for Herrings and Mackarel ——— But it's pretty well as it is; for there is not much Difference between Starving and Drowning —— All in good Time —— We are poor enough in Conſcience, and I don't know, but two Days more Faſting, might really make us hungry too.

Lou. They are Strangers then, and ſeem in ſome Neceſſity. [*Aſide.*

Car. Theſe are light Wants to me, I find 'em none, when weigh'd with *Angelina*'s Loſs; when I reflect on her Diſtreſs, the Hardſhips and the Cries of helpleſs Bondage; the inſolent, the deaf Deſires of Men in Power; O! I cou'd wiſh the Fate that ſav'd us from the Ocean's Fury, in kinder Pity of our Love's Diſtreſs, had bury'd us in one Wave embracing.

Lou. How tenderly he talks! This were indeed a Lover! [*Aſide.*

D. *Lew.* A moſt unhappy Loſs indeed! but come, don't deſpair, Boy; the Ship that took us was a *Portugueſe*, of *Lisbon* too, I believe; who knows but ſome way or other we may hear of her yet?

Car. In that poor Hope I live ——— O thou dread Power! ſtupendous Author of univerſal Being, and of thy wondrous Works, that Virgin-Wife, the Maſterpiece, look down upon her; let the bright Virtues of her untainted Mind, ſue for, and protect her: O let her Youth, her ſpotleſs Innocence, to which all Paſſages in Heaven ſtand open, appear before thy Throne diſtreſs'd, and meet ſome Miracle to ſave her.

Lou. Who would not die, to be ſo pray'd for? [*Aſide.*

D. *Lew.* Faith, *Charles*, thou haſt pray'd heartily, I'll ſay that for thee; ſo that if any good Fortune will pay us a Viſit, we are ready to receive her now, as ſoon as ſhe pleaſes. Come, don't be melancholy.

Car. Have I not Cauſe? Were not my Force of Faith ſuperior to my hopeleſs Reaſon, I could not bear the Inſults of my Fortune; but I have rais'd myſelf, by elevated Faith, as far above Deſpair, as Reaſon lifts me from the Brute.

D. *Lew.*

D. *Lew.* Why now, would not this make any one weep, to hear a young Man talk ſo finely, when he is almoſt famiſh'd?

Lou. What were you ſaying, Couſin?

Hon. I wou'd have ſaid, Madam, but you wou'd not hear me.

Lou. Prithee forgive me, I was in the oddeſt Thought; let's walk a little. I'll have him dogg'd. [*Aſide.*] *Jaques!* [*Whiſpers.*] What was't you ask'd me, Couſin?

Hon. The Reaſon of your Averſion to Don *Manuel?* you know he loves you.

Lou. I hate his Love.

Hon. But why, pray? You know 'tis honourable, and ſo is his Family; nor is his Fortune leſs: I ſhould think, the more deſirable, becauſe his Courage and his Conduct on the Seas have rais'd it; nay, with all this, he's extremely modeſt too.

Lou. Therefore, I might hate him.

Hon. For his Modeſty?

Lou. Is any Thing ſo ſleepy, ſo flat, and inſupportable, as a modeſt Lover?

Hon. Wou'd you bear Impudence in a Lover?

Lou. I don't know; it's more tolerable in the Man, than the Woman; and there muſt be Impudence on the one Side, before they can both come to a right Underſtanding.

Hon. Why, what will you have him do?

Lou. That's a very home Queſtion, Couſin; but, if I lik'd him, I cou'd tell you.

Hon. Suppoſe you did like him?

Lou. Then I would not tell you.

Hon. Why?

Lou. 'Cauſe I ſhould have more Diſcretion.

Hon. Bleſs me! ſure you would not do any thing you would be aſham'd to tell?

Lou. That's true; but if one ſhould, you know, 'twould be ſilly to tell. No Woman would be fond of Shame, ſure.

Hon. But there's no avoiding it in a ſhameful Action.

Lou. Don't be ſo poſitive.

Hon. All your Friends would ſhun you, point at you.

Lou.

Lou. And yet you ſee there's a World of Friendſhip and good Breeding among all the Women of Quality.

Hon. Suppoſe there be?

Lou. Why then, I ſuppoſe, that a great many of them are mightily hurry'd in the Care of their Reputation.

Hon. So you conclude, that a Woman doing an ill Thing, does herſelf no Harm, while her Reputation's ſafe.

Lou. It does not do her ſo much Harm; and, of two Evils, I'm always for chooſing the leaſt.

Hon. What need you chooſe either?

Lou. Becauſe I have a vaſt Fortune in my own Hands, and love dearly to do what I have a Mind to.

Hon. Why, won't you marry then?

Lou. Becauſe then I muſt only do what my Husband has a Mind to; and I hate to be govern'd: On my Soul, I would not marry, to be an *Engliſh* Wife; not but the dear Jolting of a Hackney Coach, and an eaſy Husband, are ſtrange Temptations; but from the cold Comfort of a fine Coach with Springs, and a dull Husband with none, good Lord deliver me: But then, the Inſolence of ours is inſupportable, becauſe the naſty Law gives 'em a Power over us, which Nature never deſign'd 'em. For my part, I had rather be in Love all Days of my Life, than marry.

Hon. That is, you had rather bear the Diſeaſe, than have the Cure.

Lou. Marriage is indeed a Cure for Love; but Love's a Diſeaſe I wou'd never be cur'd of; therefore, no more Phyſick, dear Couſin; no more Husbands——I hate your bitter Draughts——Not but I am afraid I am a little Feveriſh——You'll think me mad.

Hon. What's the Matter?

Lou. Did you obſerve thoſe Strangers that have walk'd by us?

Hon. Not much, but what of them?

Lou. Did you hear nothing of their Talk?

Hon. I think I did; one of 'em, the younger, ſeem'd concern'd for a loſt Miſtreſs.

Lou. Ay, but ſo near, ſo tenderly concern'd, his Looks,

Looks, as well as Words, ſpeaking an inward Grief, that could not flow from every common Paſſion: I muſt know more of him.

Hon. What do you mean?

Lou. ——Muſt ſpeak to him.

Hon. By no means.

Lou. Why, you ſee they are Strangers, I believe in ſome Neceſſity; and ſince they ſeem not born to beg Relief, to offer it unask'd, would add ſome Merit to the Charity.

Hon. Conſider.

Lou. I hate it——Sir——Sir——

D. *Lew.* Would you ſpeak with me, Madam?

Lou. If you pleaſe, with your Friend——not to interrupt you, Sir.

Car. Your Pleaſure, Lady?

Lou. You ſeem a Stranger, Sir.

Car. A moſt unfortunate one.

Lou. If I am not deceiv'd, in Want: Pardon my Freedom——if I have err'd, as freely tell me ſo; if not, as Earneſt of your better Fortune, this Trifle ſues for your Acceptance.

D. *Lew.* Take it, Boy.

Car. A Bounty ſo unmerited, and from an Hand unknown, fills me with Surpriſe and Wonder: But give me Leave, in Honeſty, to warn you, Lady, of a too heedleſs Purchaſe; for if you mean it as the Bribe to any Evil you would have me practiſe, be not offended, if I dare not take it.

Lou. How affably he talks! how chaſte! how innocent his Thoughts! he muſt be won!——[*Aſide.*]—— You are too ſcrupulous; I have no hard Deſigns upon your Honeſty——Only this——Be wiſe and cautious, if you ſhould follow me; I am obſerv'd, farewel. *Jaques!*——Will you walk, Couſin?——[*Whiſpers* Jaques.]——and bring me Word immediately——I am going Home. [*Exe.* Lou. *and* Hon.

D. *Lew.* Let's ſee, Odſheart! follow her, Man—— why, 'tis all Gold!

Car. Diſpoſe it as you pleaſe.

D. *Lew.* I'll firſt have a better Title to't——No, 'tis all

all thine, Boy——I hold an hundred Piſtoles ſhe's ſome great Fortune in Love with you——I ſay, follow her——ſince you have loſt one Wife before you had her, I'd have you make ſure of another before you loſe her.

Car. Fortune, indeed, has diſpoſſeſs'd her of my Perſon; but her firm Title to my Heart, not all the ſubtle Arts or Laws of Love can ſhake or violate.

D. *Lew.* Prithee follow her now! methinks I'd fain ſee thee in Bed with ſome Body before I die.

Car. Be not ſo poor in Thought; let me intreat you rather to employ 'em, Sir, with mine, in Search of *Angelina*'s Fortune.

D. *Lew.* Well, dear *Charles*, don't chide me now, I do love thee, and I will follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE the Street. Enter Antonio *and* Charino.

Ant. You hear what the Sailor ſaid, Brother, ſuch a Ship has put in here, and ſuch Perſons were taken in it. Therefore my Advice is, immediately to get a Warrant from the Government to ſearch and take 'em up where-ever we can find 'em.

Cha. Sir, you muſt not tell me——I won't be chous'd of my Daughter; I ſhall expect her, Sir; if not, I'll take my Courſe; I know the Law. [*Walks about.*

Ant. You really have a great deal of dark Wit, Brother; but if you know any Courſe better than a Warrant to ſearch for her, in the Name of Wiſdom, take it; if not, here's my Oath, and yours, and——how now, where's *Clody?* —— oh, here he comes——

Enter Clodio, *ſearching his Pockets.*

How now! What's the Matter, Boy?

Clo. Ay, it's gone, ſplit me.

Ant. What's the Matter? [*Louder.*

Clo. The beſt Joint in Chriſtendom.

Ant. Clody!

Clo. Sir, I have loſt my Snuff-box.

Ant. Pſhaw, a Trifle; get thee another, Man.

Clo. Sir, 'tis not to be had——beſides, I dare not ſhew my Face at *Paris* without it. What do you think her Grace will ſay to me?

Cha. Well, upon ſecond Thoughts, I am content to ſearch.

Clo. I have ſearch'd all my Pockets fifty times over, to no purpoſe.

Cha.

Cha. Pockets!

Clo. It's impoſſible to follow it, but in *Paris* — I'll go to *Paris*, ſplit me. [*Aſide.*

Cha. To *Paris!* Why you don't ſuppoſe my Daughter's there, Sir?

Clo. I don't know but ſhe may, Sir: but I am ſure they make the beſt Joints in *Europe*, there.

Cha. Joints! ——— my Son-in-law that ſhou'd ha' been, ſeems ſtrangely alter'd for the worſe. But come, let's to the Governor.

Clo. I'll have it cry'd, Faith; or, if that won't do, I have a lucky Thought; I'll offer thirty Piſtoles to the Finder, in the *Paris Gazette*, in pure Compliment to the Favours of *Madam la Ducheſs de* ——— *Mum.* I'll do't, Faith.

Ant. Come along, *Clody.* [*Exe.* Ant. *and* Charino.

Clo. Sir, I muſt look a little, I'll follow you preſently; my poor pretty Box! Ah, Plague o' my Sea-Voyage.

Enter a Servant haſtily with a Flambeau.

Serv. By your Leave, Sir, my Maſter's coming; pray, Sir, clear the Way.

Clo. Ha! why thou art pert, my Love; prithee, who is thy Maſter, Child?

Serv. The valiant Don *Duart*, Sir; Nephew to the Governor of *Liſbon*.

Clo. Well, Child, and what? does he eat every Man he meets?

Serv. No, Sir, but he challenges every Man that takes the Wall of him, and always ſends me before, to clear the Way.

Clo. Ha la pretty harmleſs Humour that? Is this he, Child? —— You may look as terrible as you pleaſe, I muſt banter you, ſplit me. [*Aſide.*

Enter Don Duart, *ſtalking up to* Clodio.

D. *Du.* Do you know me, Sir?

Clo. Hey! ho! [*Looks careleſly on him, and gapes.*

D. *Du.* Do you know me, Sir?

Clo. You did not ſee my Snuff-box, Sir, did you?

D. *Du.* Sir, in *Liſbon* no Man asks me a Queſtion cover'd. [*Strikes off* Clody's *Hat.*] Now you know me.

Clo. Perfectly well, Sir. — Hi! hi! I like you mightily — you are not a Bully, Sir? D. *Du.*

D. *Du.* You are ſaucy, Friend.

Clo. Ay, it's a Way I have, after I'm affronted —— Thou art really the moſt extraordinary — umph — that ever I met with! Now, Sir, do you know me, ſplit me.

D. *Du.* Know thee! take that, Peaſant!

[*Strikes him, and both draw.*

Clo. I can't, upon my Soul, Sir; *Allons!* now we ſhall come to a right Underſtanding. [*They fight.*

Serv. Help! Murder! help!

Clo. Allons! to our better Acquaintance, Sir; A, hah! [*D.* Du. *falls.*] he has it! Never puſh'd better in my Life, never in my Life, ſplit me.

Serv. O! my Maſter's kill'd! help ho! Murder! help!

Clo. Hey! why Faith, Child, that's very true as thou ſay'ſt, and ſo the Devil take the Hindmoſt.

[*Exit* Clodio.

Enter Officers.

1*ſt Offi.* How now! Who's that cries Murder?

Serv. O, my Maſter's murder'd; ſome of you follow me, this Way he took! let's after him —— help! Murder! help! [*Exit.*

2*d Offi.* 'Tis Don *Duart.*

1*ſt Offi.* So, Pride has got a Fall; he has paid for't now; you have met with your Match, Faith, Sir. Come, let's carry the Body to the good Lady his Siſter *Donna Elvira*; you purſue the Murderer, I'll warrant him ſome civil Gentleman; ye need not make too much Haſte, for if he does 'ſcape, 'tis no great Matter —— Come along. [*Exeunt with the Body.*

Enter Carlos *and Don* Lewis, *followed at ſome Diſtance by* Jaques, *and* Bravoes, *with a Chair.*

D. *Lew.* Come along, *Charles*, I'm ſure, 'tis ſhe, by their Deſcription; and if that brawny Dog, the Captain, has plaid her no foul Play, ſhe ſhan't want Ranſom, if all my Eſtate can purchaſe it.

Car. Now Fortune guide us. [*Exeunt.*

Jaques. That's he, the talleſt —— beſure you ſpare his Perſon —— only force him into this Chair, and carry him as directed.

1*ſt Bra.* What muſt be done with the old Fellow?

Jaques. We muſt have him too, leſt he ſhould dog the

the other, and be troubleſome. If he won't come quietly, bring him any how — Follow ſoftly, we ſhall ſnap 'em as they turn the Corner.

A Noiſe of, Follow, &c. Enter Clodio *haſtily from the other Side.*

Clo. Ah! Pox of their Noſes! the Dogs have ſmelt me out! What ſhall I do? If they take me, I ſhall be hang'd, ſplit me! — Ha! a Door open, Faith I'll in at a venture. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Bravoes *with* Carlos *in a Chair, ſame baling in* Don Lewis.

D. *Lew.* O my poor Boy *Charles!* —— *Charles!* — help! Murder!

1*ſt Bra.* Hold your Peace, Fool, if you'd be well us'd.

D. *Lew.* Sir, I will not hold my Peace; Dogs! Rogues! Villains! Help! Murder!

1*ſt Bra.* Nay, then by your Leave, old Gentleman. — So, bring him along.

D. *Lew.* Aw! aw! aw! [*They gag him, and carry him Head and Heels. Exeunt.*

SCENE a Chamber, Elvira, *and her Servants with Lights.*

Elv. IS not my Brother come Home yet?

Serv. I have not ſeen him, Madam.

Elv. Go and ſeek him; go all of ye every where — I'll not reſt 'till you return; take away your Lights too; for my Devotions are written in my Heart, and I ſhall read 'em without a Taper. [*Exeunt Servants.*

Enter Clodio *ſtealing in.*

Clo. Ah! poor *Clody!* what will become of thee? thy Condition, I'm afraid, is but very indifferent — Follow'd behind! ſtopp'd before! and beſet on both Sides! Ah! Pox o' my Wit! I muſt be bantering, muſt I? But let me ſee! where am I! an odd ſort of an Houſe this —— all the Doors open, and no Body in't! No Noiſe! no Whiſper! no Dog ſtirring!

Elv. Who's that?

Clo. Ha! a Woman's Voice.

Elv. Who are you! Who waits there? *Stephano!* *Julia!*

Clo. Gadso! 'tis the Lady of the House; she can't see my unfortunate Face however. Faith, I'll e'en make a grave Speech, tell her my Case, and beg her Protection.

Elv. Speak! what are you?

Clo. Madam, a most unfortunate young Gentleman.

Elv. I am sure you are a Man of most ill Manners, to press thus boldly to my private Chamber: Whither wou'd you? What want you?

Clo. Gracious Madam, hear me; I am a Stranger, most unfortunate, and my Distress has made me rudely press for your Protection: If you refuse it, Madam, I am undone for ever by —— I say, Madam, I am utterly undone! 'Twas coming, Faith! [*Aside.*

Elv. Alas! his Fear confounds him. What is't pursues you, Sir?

Clo. An Outcry of Officers; the Law's at my Heels, Madam, tho' Justice I'm not afraid of.

Elv. How could you offend the one, and not the other?

Clo. Being provok'd, Madam, by the Insolence of my Enemy, in my own Defence, I just now left him dead in the Street. I am a very young Man, Madam, and I would not willingly be hang'd in a strange Country, methinks; which I certainly shall be, unless your tender Charity protects me —— Gad, I have a rare Tongue, I have a rare Tongue, Faith! [*Aside.*

Elv. Poor Wretch, I pity him!

Clo. Madam, your House is now my only Sanctuary, my Altar; therefore I beg you, upon my Knees, Madam, take Pity of a poor bleeding Victim.

Elv. Are you a *Castilian?*

Clo. No, Madam, I was born in—in—in—What d'ye call'um—in——

Elv. Nay, I ask you not with Purpose to betray you: were you ten thousand times a *Spaniard*, the Nation we *Portuguese* most hate, in such Distress, I yet would give you my Protection.

Clo. May I depend upon you, Madam? am I safe?

Elv. Safe as my Power, my Word, or Vow can make you: Enter that Door, which leads you to a Closet; should the Officers come, as you expect, they owe such Reverence to my Lodgings, they'll search no further than my Leave invites 'em.

Clo.

Clo. D'ye think, Madam, you can perſuade 'em?

Elv. Fear not, I'll warrant you; away!

Clo. The Breath of Gods, and Eloquence of Angels, go along with you. [*Exit.*

Elv. Alas! who knows but that the Charity I afford this Stranger, perhaps, my Brother, elſewhere may ſtand in need of. How he trembles! I hear his Breath come ſhort hither. Be of Comfort, Sir, once more I give you my ſolemn Promiſe for your Safety.

Enter Servant and Officers, with Don Duart's *Body.*

Serv. Here, bring in the Body — O! Madam, my Maſter's kill'd.

Elv. What ſay'ſt thou?

Serv. Your Brother, Madam, my Maſter, young *Don Duart*'s dead; he juſt now quarrell'd with a Gentleman, who unfortunately kill'd him in the Street.

Elv. Ah me!

1ſt Offi. We are inform'd, Madam, that the Murderer was ſeen to enter this Houſe, which made us preſs into it to apprehend him.

Elv. Oh!

Serv. Help, ho, my Lady faints.

1ſt Offi. Give her Air, ſhe'll recover. [Clodio *peeps in.*

Clo. Hey! — why, what the Devil! am I ſafer than I would be now? —Exactly—I have nick'd the Houſe to an Hair—Juſt ſo I did at *Paris* too when I took a Lodging at a Bailiff's that had three Writs againſt me——— This damn'd Cloſet too has ne'er a Chimney to creep out at—Ah! poor *Clody!* wou'd thou wert fairly in a Storm at Sea again, for I'm plaguily afraid thou wert not born to be drown'd. [*Retires.*

Elv. Stand off, my Sorrows will have Way; O my unhappy Brother! ſuch an End as this thy haughty Mind did long ſince propheſy! and to increaſe my Miſery, thy wretched Siſter wilfully muſt make a Breach of what ſhe has vow'd, or thou fall unreveng'd: Revenge and Juſtice both ſtand knocking at my Heart, but hoſpitable Faith has barr'd their Entrance; If I ſhou'd give 'em Way, I am forſworn; if not, am impious to a Brother's Memory. Is there no Means? no middle Path of Safety left? muſt I protect my Brother's Murderer? or break

a ſolemn Vow, on which another's Life depends?

Enter Governor and Servants.

Gov. Where's this unhappy Sight? — Alas! he's gone paſt all Recovery. Reproof comes now too late.

Elv. It ſhall be ſo; I'll take the lighter Evil of the two, and keep the ſolemn Vow to which juſt Heaven was Witneſs: The Wounds of Perjury never can be cur'd, but Juſtice may again overtake the Murderer, when no raſh Vows proteſt him.

Gov. Take Comfort, Neice.

Elv. O forbear; ſearch for the Murderer, and remove the Body at your Diſcretion, Sir, to be interr'd while I ſhut out the offenſive Day, and here in Solitude indulge my Sorrow; therefore I beg my neareſt Friends, and you, my Lord, for ſome few Days, to ſpare your charitable Viſits.

Gov. I grieve for your Misfortune, Neice; but ſince you'll have it ſo, we take our Leaves; farewel—Bring forth the Body. [*Exit.*

Clo. Hey! what, are they gone away without me? and by her Contrivance too —— Gadſo!

Elv. Whoe'er thou art, to whom I've given Means of Life, to let thee ſee with what Religion I have kept my Vow, come fearleſs forth, while Night's thy Friend, and paſs unknown.

Clo. If this is not Love, the Devil's in't. [*Aſide.*

Elv. Fly with thy utmoſt Speed, where I may never ſee thee more.

Clo. Ay, that's her Modeſty. [*Aſide.*

Elv. And let that charitable Faith thou haſt found in me, perſuade thee to atone thy Crime by Penitence.

Clo. Poor Soul I may find a better Way to thank thee for't.

Elv. You are at the Door now, farewel for ever.

Clo. Which is as much as to ſay, what wou'd I give to ſee you again? — All in good Time, Child ——

ACT. IV.

Enter D. Duart *in his Night-Gown, Surgeon, and Servants.*

D. *Du.* MAY I venture yet Abroad, Sir?

Sur. With Safety, Sir, your Wound was never dangerous; though from your great loſs of Blood, you ſeem'd a while without all Signs of Life.

D. *Du.* Sir, do you know if the Gentleman that wounded me be in Cuſtody?

Surg. He was never taken, Sir, nor known, that I could hear of.

D. *Du.* I am ſorry for't; for could I find him, which now ſhall be my earneſt Care, I would with real Services acknowledge him my beſt of Friends, in having proved ſo fortunate an Enemy; he has beſtow'd on me a ſecond Life, which, from a clearer Inſight of myſelf, will teach me now to uſe it better too. How does my Siſter ſeem to bear my Fortune?

Surg. I never knew the Loſs of any Friend lamented with more Sorrow; ſhe ſuffers none to viſit her, nor is ſhe acquainted with your Recovery.

D. *Du.* I would not have her yet, nor any of my Friends; no Moiſture ſooner dries, than Womens Tears; and tho' I am apt to think my Siſter honeſt in her Sorrow, yet knowing her a Woman, ſtill I am reſolv'd to make a further Trial of her Virtue.

Surg. Sir, you may command my Secrecy.

D. *Du.* I thank you, Sir, 'twill oblige me — Boy!

Serv. Sir.

D. *Du.* Do you think you know again the Gentleman that fought me?

Serv. I believe I may, Sir.

D. *Du.* I'd have you ſuddenly inquire him out: he ſeem'd, by his Deport, of *France*, or *England*; if ſo, you'll probably find him in ſome lewd Houſe or other.

Serv. Rather at Church, Sir; for no body will ſuſpect him there.

D. *Du.* Seek him every where; Come, Sir, I wait for you. [*Exeunt.*

The

The SCENE *changes to* Louisa's *House.*

Don Manuel *and* Angelina.

D. *Man.* Now, Madam, let my hard Fortune teach you a little to endure your own. You see with what severe Neglect she still receives my humble Love; nothing I say, or do, has any Weight or Motion in her Thoughts for me.

Ang. You are too diffident of your Fortune; I wou'd not have an honest Mind despair; she seem'd indeed, a little careless of you—you gave her no Offence, I'm confident. See, here she comes; take heed how you displease her by an impatient Stay—Pray go, in the mean time I'll think of you — indeed I will.

D. *Man.* I am yours for ever — [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Louisa *and* Jaques, *Servants waiting.*

Lou. Were they both seiz'd?

Jaq. Both, Madam, and will be here immediately. I ran before, to give your Ladyship Notice.

Lou. You know my Orders; when they are enter'd, bar all the Doors, and on your Lives, let every one be mute, as I directed — I must retire a while. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Bravoes, *who let* Carlos *out of the Chair, while others throw down Don* Lewis *gagg'd and bound.*

Car. So, Gentlemen, you find I've not resisted you—but now pray let me know my Crime? why have you brought me hither? where am I? if in Prison, look in my Face, perhaps you have mistaken me for another.

[Jaques *holds up his Lanthorn, nods, and Exit with the rest.* You seem to know me, Sir — All dumb, and vanish'd; my Fortune's humorous, she sports with me.

D. *Lew.* Aw! aw!

Car. What's here! a Fellow Prisoner! Who are you?

D. *Lew.* Aw! aw!

Car. Do you speak no other Language?

D. *Lew.* Aw! aw! aw! [*Louder.*

Car. Nay, that's the same.

D. *Lew.* Oh! [*Sighing.*

Car. Poor Wretch! I am afraid he would speak if he cou'd.

Re-enter

Re-enter Jaques *and Servants with Lights, who releaſe* Don Lewis.

Sure they think I walk in my Sleep, and won't ſpeak, for fear of waking me.

D. *Lew.* Sir, your moſt humble Servant; and now my Tongue's at Liberty, pray, will you do me the Favour to ſhew me the Way home again? What a Pox, are you all dumb?——— [*Exeunt mute.* Well, Sir, and pray what are——— *Charles!* ah! my dear Boy! [*Kiſſes him.*

Car. My Uncle! nay then my Fortune has not quite forſaken me! How came you hither, Sir!

D. *Lew.* Faith, like a Corps into Church, Boy, with my Heels foremoſt; but prithee how didſt thou come?

Car. You ſaw the Men that ſeiz'd us, they forc'd me into a Chair, and brought me.

D. *Lew.* Well, but a Pox plague 'em, what is all this for? what wou'd they have?

Car. That we muſt wait their Pleaſure to be inform'd of; they have indeed alarm'd my Reaſon, not my Conſcience; that's ſtill at reſt, fearleſs of any Danger.

D. *Lew.* The Sons of Whores won't ſpeak neither. Hey Day! what's to be done now?

Enter Jaques, *and Servants, with a Banquet, Wine, and Lights.*

Car. More Riddles yet! I dream ſure.

[Jaques *compliments* D. Lewis *to take his Chair.*

D. *Lew.* For me? Sir, your moſt humble Servant: [*Sits.*] *Charles!* ſit down, Boy.

Ha! ha! ha! a Parcel of ſilly dumb Dogs! Is this all the Buſineſs? Puppies! did they think I wou'd not come to Supper, without being brought Neck and Heels to't?

Car. Amazement all! what can it end in?

D. *Lew.* Never trouble thy Head, prithee; Pox of Queſtions: fall to, Man——— Delicate Food truly——— Here——— Dumb! prithee give's a Glaſs of Wine, to wet the Way a little: Come, *Charles*, here's, here's——— honeſt Dumb's Health to thee: [*Drinks.*] Dumb's a very honeſt Fellow, Faith. [*Claps* Jaques *on the Head.*

Car. What Harmony's this? [*A Flouriſh.*

D. *Lew.* Rare Muſick indeed! let's eat and hear it. [*Muſick here.* Mighty fine, truly——I have not made an heartier Meal a great while.

[*Here* Jaques *offers a Night Gown and Cap to* D. Lewis. Well, and what's to do now, Lad? for me, Boy? Odſo! we lie here, do we? — mighty well, that again, Faith; (for I was juſt thinking to go Home, but that I had ne'er a Lodging:) Nay, I always ſaid honeſt Dumb knew how to make his Friends welcome — Well, but it's Time enough yet, ſhan't we crack a Bottle firſt? *Charles* is melancholy. [Jaques *ſhakes his Head.* What! that's as much as to ſay, if I won't go, I ſhall be carry'd —— Sir, your humble Servant: [*Puts on the Gown.*] Well, *Charles*, good Night, ſince they won't let me have a mind to ſtay any longer! I'd give a Piſtole tho', to know what this will come to!—Dumb, come along.

Car. I'm bury'd in Amazement—Why am I buſy'd thus in Trifles, having ſo many nearer Thoughts that wound my Peace—Ha, more Muſick! I could almoſt ſay, 'twere welcome now.

[*A Song here; which ended,* D. Lewis *appears above.*

D. *Lew.* So! at laſt I have grop'd out a Window, that will let me into the Secret; now if any foul Play ſhould happen, I am pretty near the Street too, and can bawl out Murder to the Watch ——— But Mum! the Door opens!

Enter Louiſa.

Hey! ah! what dull Rogues were we not to ſuſpect this before! — Dum's a ſly Dog; 'tis ſhe, Faith——tum, dum, dum ——here will be fine Work preſently, toll, dum, di, dum ——— Now I ſhall ſee what Mettle my Boy's made of; tum, dum, dum.

Lou. You ſeem amaz'd, Sir.

Car. Your Pardon, Lady, if I confeſs it raiſes much my Wonder, why a Stranger, friendleſs, and unknown, ſhould meet, unmerited, ſuch Floods of Courteſy? for, if I miſtake not, once this Day before, I've taſted of your Bounty.

Lou. I have forgot that; but I confeſs I ſaw you, Sir?

Car. Why then was I forc'd hither? If you reliev'd me

me only from a ſoft Compaſſion of my Fortune, you cou'd not think but ſuch Humanity might, on the ſlighteſt Hint, have drawn me to be grateful.

Lou. I own I cou'd not truſt you to my Fortune; I knew not but ſome other might have ſeen you—beſide, methought you ſpoke leſs kind to me before.

Car. If my poor thanks were offer'd in too plain a Dreſs, (as I confeſs, I'm little practis'd in the Rules of grac'd Behaviour) rather think me ignorant, than rude, and pity what you cannot pardon.

Lou. Fy! you are too modeſt ——— how cou'd you charge yourſelf with ſuch a Thought? I ſcarce can think 'tis in your Nature to be rude—at leaſt to our Sex.

Car. 'Twere more unpardonable there.

Lou. Nay, now you are too ſtrict on the other Side; for there may happen Times, when that the World calls Rudeneſs, a Woman might be brought to pardon; Seaſons, when even Modeſty were Ignorance ——— Pray be ſeated, Sir—— nay, I'll have it ſo——I ſay, ſometimes too much Reſpect (pray be nearer, Sir,) were moſt offenſive: Suppoſe a Woman were reduc'd to offer Love, her Pains of Shame are inſupportable; and ſhou'd ſhe call that Lover rude, who, kindly conſcious of her Wiſhes, bravely reſolves to take, and ſaves her Modeſty the Guilt of giving? Suppoſe yourſelf the Man ſo lov'd, where cou'd you find, at ſuch a Time, Excuſes for your Modeſty?

Car. If I cou'd love again, my Eyes wou'd tell her; if not, I ſhou'd not eaſily believe; at leaſt, in Manners, wou'd not ſeem to underſtand her.

Lou. Alas! you have too poor a Senſe of Woman's Love. Think you we have no Invention? You wou'd not underſtand her! how wou'd you avoid it? when ev'n her ſlighteſt Look would ſpeak too plain for that Excuſe; if not, ſhe'd ſtill proceed——Thus gently ſteal your Hand, and ſigh, and preſs it to her Heart, and then look wiſhing in your Eyes 'till Love himſelf ſhot forth, and walk'd you to Compaſſion.

Car. Amazing! can ſhe be the Creature ſhe deſcribes?

Lou. O! they have ſuch ſubtle Ways to ſteal into a Lover's Heart; nay, if ſhe's reſolute, not all your Strength

of Modeſty can guard you; ſhe'd preſs you ſtill with plainer, ſtronger Proofs; her Life, her Fortune, ſhou'd be yours: For where a Woman loves, ſuch Gifts as theſe are Trifles; thus, like the lazy Minutes, wou'd ſhe ſteal 'em on, which once but paſt, are quite forgotten.

[*Gives him Jewels.*

Car. Is't poſſible! can there be ſuch a Woman?

Lou. Fy! I cou'd chide you now; you wou'd not ſure be thought ſo ſlow of Apprehenſion!

Car. I wou'd not willingly be thought ſo vain, or ſo uncharitable, to ſuppoſe there cou'd be ſuch a one.

Lou. Nay, now you force me to forſake my Sex, and tell you plain —— I cannot ſpeak it——yet you muſt know—But tell me, muſt I needs bluſh to own a Paſſion that's ſo tender of you? I am this Creature ſo reduc'd for you, and all you've ſeen ſuppoſed was natural, all but the ſoft reſult of growing Love——Why are you, ſtill thus fix'd, and ſilent? what is't you fear?

Car. Monſtrous! [*Aſide, and riſing.*

Lou. What is't you ſtart at?

Car. Not for your Beauty; tho' I confeſs you fair to a perfection, compleat in all that may engage the Eye: But when that Beauty fades (as Time leaves none unviſited) what Charm ſhall then ſecure my Love? Your Riches? no——an honeſt Mind's above the Bribes of Fortune: For tho' diſtreſs'd, a Stranger, and in Want, I thus return'd 'em thankleſs: Be modeſt, and be virtuous, I'll admire you; all good Men will adore you, and when your Beauty and your Fortune are no more, will ſtill deliver down your Name rever'd to Ages: But while you thus enſlave your generous Reaſon to ſo intemperate a Folly, your very Nature ſeems inverted: Cou'd you but one Moment calmly lay it by, you'd find ſuch a vile Indignity to your Sex, as Modeſty could never pardon.

Lou. If I appear too free a Lover, and talk beyond the uſual Courage of my Sex, forgive me; I'll be again the fearful, ſoftning Wretch, that you'd have me: My Wiſhes ſhall be dumb, unleſs my Eyes may ſpeak 'em; or if I dare to touch your Hand, it ſhall be gently trembling, and unperceiv'd as Air; nay, fix'd, and ſilent,

as

as your Shade, I'll watch whole Winter Nights content, and liſtening to your Slumbers: Is this Intemperance? for pity ſpeak, for I confeſs your hard Reproofs have ſtruck upon my Heart! O! ſay you will be mine, and make your own Conditions. If you ſuſpect my Temper, bind me by the moſt ſacred Tye, and let my Love, my Perſon, and my Fortune, lawfully be yours.

Car. Take heed! conſider yet, if e'en this Humility be not the Offspring of your firſt unruly Paſſion: But ſince at leaſt it carries ſomething a better Claim to my Concern, I'll be at once ſincere, and tell you, 'tis impoſſible that we ſhould ever meet in Love.

Lou. Impoſſible! O! why?

Car. Becauſe my Love, my Vows, and Faith, are given to another: Therefore, ſince you find I dare be honeſt, be early wiſe, and now releaſe me to my Fortune.

Lou. I cannot part with you.

Car. You muſt; I cannot with my Reaſon——Pray let me paſs! Why do you thus hang upon my Arm, and ſtrain your Eyes, as if they had Power to hold me?

Lou. Ungrateful! will you go? Take heed! for you have prov'd I am not Miſtreſs of my Temper.

Car. I ſee it, and am ſorry, but needed not this Threat to drive me; for ſtill I dare be juſt, and force myſelf away. [*Exit* Carlos.

Lou. O Torture! left! refus'd! deſpis'd! Have I thrown off my Pride for this? O! inſupportable!—If I am not reveng'd, may all the——well.

[*Walks diſorder'd.*

D. *Lew.* What a Pox, are all theſe fine Things come to nothing then?——Poor Soul! ſhe's in a great Heat truly——Ah! ſilly Rogue!——now could I find in my Heart to put her into good Humour again——I have a great Mind, Faith——Odd! ſhe's a Hummer?——A ſtrange Mind, I han't had ſuch a Mind a great while——Hey!—ay! I'll do't, Faith——if ſhe does but ſtay now; ah! if ſhe does but ſtay! [*As he is getting from the Balcony,* Louiſa *is ſpeaking to* Jaques.

Lou. Who waits there?

Enter Jaques.

Where's the Stranger?

Jaq.

Jaq. Madam, I met him juſt now walking haſtily about the Gallery.

Lou. Are all the Doors faſt?

Jaq. All barr'd, Madam?

Lou. Put out all your Lights too, and on your Lives let no one ask or anſwer him to any Queſtion: But be you ſtill near to obſerve him. [*Exit* Jaques. Ah! [*Don* Lewis *drops down.*

D. *Lew.* Odſo! my Back!

Lou. Bleſs me, who's this? what are you?

D. *Lew.* Not above fifty, Madam.

Lou. Whence come you? what's your Buſineſs?

D. *Lew.* Finiſhing.

Lou. Who ſhew'd, who brought you hither?

D. *Lew.* Dumb, honeſt Dumb.

Lou. Will you be gone, Sir? I have no Time to fool away.

D. *Lew.* Yes, but you have; what! don't I know?

Lou. Pray, Sir, who? what is't you take me for?

D. *Lew.* A delicate Piece of Work truly, but not finiſh'd; you underſtand me.

Lou. You are mad, Sir.

D. *Lew.* I ſay, don't you be modeſt; for there are Times, do you ſee, when ev'n Modeſty is Ignorance, (pray be ſeated, Madam — nay, I'll have it ſo) ah!

[*Sits down and mimicks her Behaviour to* Carlos.

Lou. Confuſion! have I expos'd myſelf to this Wretch too! — I had Witneſſes of my Folly — nay, I deſerve it. [*Stands mute.*

D. *Lew.* So! ſo! I ſhall bring her to Terms preſently — you have a World of pretty Jewels here, Madam — ay, theſe now — theſe are a couple of fine large Stones truly; but where a Woman loves, ſuch Gifts as theſe are Trifles. [*Mimicks again.*

Lou. Inſupportable! within there!

Enter Servants and Bravoes.

D. *Lew.* Hey! [*Riſing.*

Serv. Did your Ladyſhip call, Madam?

D. *Lew.* I don't like her Looks, Faith. [*Aſide.*

Lou. Here, take this Fool, let him be gagg'd, ty'd Neck and Heels, and lock'd into a Garret; away with him.

D. *Lew.*

D. *Low.* Dumb! Dumb! help, Dumb! Dumb! ſtand by me Dumb! A Pox of my finiſhing. Aw! aw!

[*They gag him, and carry him off.*

Lou. The Inſolence of this Fool was more provoking, than the other's Scorn; but I ſhall yet find Ways to meaſure my Revenge. [*Exit* Louiſa.

Re-enter Carlos *in the Dark.*

Car. What can this evil Woman mean me? the Doors all barr'd! the Lights put out! the Servants mute, and ſhe with Fury in her Eyes now ſhot regardleſs by me: I wou'd the worſt wou'd ſhew itſelf. Ha! yonder's a Light, I'll follow it, and provoke my Fortune. [*Exit.*

The SCENE *changes to another Room.*

Angelina *with a Light.*

Ang. I cannot like this Houſe; for now, as going to my Reſt, my Ears were 'larum'd with the Cries of one that call'd for Help: I've ſeen ſtrange Faces too, that carry Guilt and Terror in their Looks; and yet the Officer that plac'd me here, appear'd of honeſt Thoughts—What can this mean! No matter what, ſince nothing, but the Loſs of him I love, can worſe befal me!—— Hark, what Noiſe! is the Door faſt? Ah!

[*Going to ſhut it.*

Re-enter Carlos, *and* Jaques *liſtening.*

Car. Ha! another Lady! and alone!

Ang. Heavens, how I tremble!

Car. Sure, by her Surpriſe, ſhe is not of the other's Counſel—Pardon this Intruſion, Lady, I am a Stranger, and diſtreſs'd, be not diſmay'd: I have no ill Deſigns, unleſs to beg your charitable Aſſiſtance be offenſive.

Ang. Ha! that Voice! [*Amaz'd.*

Car. Save me, ye Powers! and give me Strength to bear this inſupportable Surpriſe of ruſhing Joy.

Ang. My *Carlos*——oh!

Car. 'Tis ſhe! my long loſt Love, my living *Angelina.*

[*Embraces her.*

Jac. Say you ſo! Sir! this ſhall to my Lady.

[*Exit* Jaques.

Ang. O! let me hold you ever thus, leſt Fate again ſhould part us.

Car.

Car. 'Twas Death indeed to part, but from ſo hard a Separation, thus again to meet, is Life reſtor'd; it draws whole Years to Hours, and we grow old with Joy in Moments.

Ang. O! I were happy, bleſs'd above my Sex, cou'd but my plain Simplicity of Love deſerve your kind Endearments.

Car. Is't poſſible! thou Miracle of Goodneſs, that thou canſt thus forget the Miſery, the Want, the Ruin my unhappy Love has brought thee to? Truſt me, that ſtormy Thought has clouded ev'n the very Joy I had to ſee thee.

Enter Jaques *and* Louiſa *at a Diſtance.*

Jaq. There they are; from hence your Ladyſhip may hear 'em.

Lou. Leave me. [*Exit* Jaques, *and* Lou. *liſtens.*

Ang. I cannot bear to ſee you thus: For my Sake don't deſpond; for while you ſeem in Hope, I ſhall eaſily be cheerful.

Car. O! thou engaging Softneſs! thy Courage has reviv'd me; no, we'll not deſpair; the Guardian Power that hitherto has ſav'd us, may now, with leſs Expence of Providence, protect and fix us happy.

Lou. Ha! ſo near acquainted——— [*Behind.*

Car. And yet our Safety bids us part this Moment: How came you hither?

Ang. The Officer that made me Captive, prov'd a worthy Man, and plac'd me here, as a Companion to the Lady of this Dwelling.

Car. Ha! to what End!

Ang. He ſaid to be the Advocate of his ſucceſſleſs Love; for he confeſs'd he woo'd her honourably.

Car. Is't poſſible? Is there a Wretch ſo curs'd among Mankind, to be her honourable Lover?

Lou. So. [*In Anger.*

Car. Take heed, my Love, avoid her as a Diſeaſe to Modeſty.

Lou. Very well.

Car. Oh! I have a ſhameful Tale to tell thee of her Intemperance, as wou'd ſubject her even to thy Loathing.

Lou. Inſolent!——well.

Ang.

Ang. You amaze me; pray what was it?

Car. This is no Time to tell; I had forgot my Danger: Let it ſuffice, the Doors are barr'd againſt me; now, this Moment I am a Priſoner to her Fury; if thou canſt help me to any Means of Safety, or Eſcape, aſk me no Queſtions, but be quick, and tell me.

Ang. Now you frighten me; but here, through my Apartment, leads a Paſſage to the Garden, at the lower End you'll find a Mount; if you dare drop from thence, I'll ſhew you: But can't you ſay when I may hope again to ſee you?

Car. About an Hour hence be walking in the Garden, ready for your Eſcape; for if I live, I'll come provided with the Means to make it ſure —— Now I dare thank thee, Fortune.

Ang. You will not fail.

Car. If I ſurvive, depend on me; 'till when, may Heav'n ſupport thy Innocence.

Ang. Follow me—— [*Exeunt haſtily.*

Lou. Are you ſo nimble, Sir? Who waits there? [*Enter* Jaques.] Run, take Help, and ſtop the Stranger; he is now making his Eſcape through the Garden; fly. [*Exit* Jaques.

Love and Revenge, like Vipers, gnaw upon my Quiet, and I muſt change their Food, or leave my Being; though I cou'd bear ev'n the low Contempt he has thrown on me, could it but woo him to the leaſt Return of Love; but I would bear again ten thouſand Racks, rather than confeſs this Dotage: No, if I forego a ſecond Time that dear Support, my Pride, may I become as miſerable as that Wretch that deſtin'd Fool he dotes on. Ha! ſhe is return'd! yonder ſhe paſſes; with what aſſur'd Contentment in her Looks! ——how pleas'd the Thing is——ſtrangely impudent——ſure! the ugly Creature thinks I won't ſtrangle her.

Now, have you brought him? [*Enter* Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, we made what Haſte we cou'd, but the Gentleman reach'd the Mount before us, and eſcap'd over the Garden-Wall.

Lou. Eſcap'd, Villain! durſt thou tell me ſo?

Jaq. If your Ladyſhip had call'd a little ſooner, we had taken him.

Why

Who the Devil is this Stranger? [*Aside.*

Lou. Fool that I am, I betray myſelf to my own Servants——Well, 'tis no matter, bid the Bravoes ſtay, I have Directions for 'em; go. [*Exit* Jaques. He has not left me hopeleſs yet; an Hour hence has promis'd to be here again; and if he keeps his Word, (as I've an odious Cauſe to fear he will) he yet, at leaſt in my Revenge, ſhall prove me Woman. [*Exit* Lou.

SCENE *the Street.*

Enter D. Duart *diſguis'd, with a Servant.*

D. *Du.* Where did you find him?

Serv. Hard by, Sir, at an Houſe of civil Recreation; he's now coming forth; that's he.

Enter Clodio.

D. *Du.* I ſcarce remember him, I would not willingly miſtake——I'll obſerve him.

Clo. So! now if I can but pick up an honeſt Fellow, to crack one healing Bottle, I think I ſhall finiſh the Day as ſmartly as the *Grand Seignior*——Hold, let me ſee, what has my haſty Refreſhment coſt me here? ——umb——umb——umb [*Counts his Money.*] ſeven Piſtoles by *Jupiter*; why, what a plaguy Income this Jade muſt have in a Week, if ſhe's thus paid by the Hour?

D. *Du.* 'Tis the ſame; leave me. [*Exit Servant.* Your Servant, Sir.

Clo. . . . Sir——your humble Servant.

D. *Du.* Pardon a Stranger's Freedom, Sir; but when you know my Buſineſs——

Clo. Sir, if you'll take a Bottle, I ſhall be proud of your Acquaintance; and if I don't do your Buſineſs before we part, I'll knock under the Table.

D. *Du.* Sir, I ſhall be glad to drink with you, but at preſent am incapable of ſitting to't.

Clo. Why then, Sir, you ſhall only drink as long as you can ſtand; we'll have a Bottle here, Sir,——Hey, *Madona?* [*Calls at the Door.*

D. *Du.* A very frank humour'd Gentleman; I'll know him farther——I preſume, Sir, you are not of *Portugal?*

Clo.

Clo. No, Sir,——I am a kind of a——what d'ye call'um —— a Sort of a Here—and—thereian; I am Stranger no where.

D. *Du.* Have you travell'd far, Sir?

Clo. My Tour of *Europe*, or ſo, Sir;——dangled about a little; I came this Summer from the Jubilee.

D. *Du.* Did you make any Stay there, Sir?

Clo. No, Sir, I only call'd in there at the Salvation-Office, juſt bought an Annuity of Indulgences for Life; got an Aſſurance for my Soul; lay with a Nun, flux'd; and ſo came Home again.

Enter Servant with Wine.

So! ſo! here's the Wine! Come! Sir, to our better Acquaintance——Faith, I like you mightily—— *Allons! Baiſes donc!* [*Kiſſes, drinks.* *Morbleu! ce ne'ſt pas Mauvais! Allons encore boy! Vive D'amour! Quand Iris*, &c. [*Sings.*

D. *Du.* I find, Sir, you have taken a Taſte of all the Countries you have travell'd through; but I preſume your chief Amuſement has lain among the Ladies: You far'd well in *France*, I hope.

Clo. Yes Faith, as far as my Pocket wou'd go: The Devil a Stroke without it: No Money, no Mademoiſelle: No Ducat, no Dutcheſs; no Piſtole, no Princeſs—— By the Way, let me tell you, Sir, your *Liſbonites* are held up at a pretty ſmart Rate too——I was forc'd to come down to the Tune of ſeven Piſtoles here—A Man may keep a Pad of his own, cheaper than he can ride Poſt, ſplit me: But, a Pox on 'em, it's no Wonder the Jades are ſo ſaucy in a Country where there are ſo many Swarms of unmarry'd Friers, Monks, and brawny Jeſuits: The Game may well be ſcarce, Faith, where there are ſo many canonical Poachers. Now, Sir, in little *England*, where your Gowns and Caſſocks are honeſtly marry'd, your right Women are as cheap as *Mackerel*—Gad, Sir, I have taken you a faſting Velvet Scarf out of the Side-box there, and the Jade has jump'd at a Beef-Stake and a Bottle; nay, ſometimes at Coach-hire, and a ſingle Glaſs of Cinamon——Seven Piſtoles! unconſcionable! Odſheart, in *London* now, for half the Sum, a Man might have pickt up the three firſt Rows of the middle Gallery.

D. *Du*

D. *Du.* I find, Sir, you know *England* then.

Clo. Ay, Sir, and every Woman there that's worth knowing, from honeſt *Betty Sands*, to the Counteſs of *Ogletown:* Yes, Sir, I do know *London* pretty well, and the Side-box, Sir, and behind the Scenes; ay, and the Green-Room, and all the Girls and Women-Actreſſes there, Sir——Sir, I was a whole Winter there the particular Favourite of the giggling Party———Come, Sir, if you pleaſe, here's Miſs *Riggle*'s Health to you.

D. *Du.* Pray, Sir, how came you ſo well acquainted there?

Clo. Why, Sir, I firſt introduc'd myſelf with a ſingle Pinch of *Bergamot*; the next Night I preſented 'em a Box full; next Day came to Rehearſal; in a Week I deſir'd 'em to uſe my Name whenever they pleas'd, for what the Chocolate-Houſe afforded——upon this, I was choſen *Valentine*, if I don't miſtake, to about eleven of 'em; and in three Days more, I think, it coſt me fifty Guineas in Gloves, Knots, Heads, Fans, Muffs, Coffee, Tea, Snuff-boxes, Orangerie, and Chocolate.

D. *Du.* But pray, Sir, were you as intimate at both Play-houſes?

Clo. No, ſtretch 'em! at the New-Houſe they are ſo us'd to be Queens and Princeſſes, and are ſo often in their Airs-Royal, forſooth, that I'gad! there's no reaching one of their Copper-tails there, without a long Pole, or a Settlement; ſplit me.

D. *Du.* But I wonder, Sir, that in a Country ſo fam'd for handſom Women, the Men are ſo generally blam'd for their ſcandalous Uſage of 'em.

Clo. O damn'd ſcandalous, Sir———they uſe their Miſtreſſes as bad as their Wives, Faith: I tell you what, Sir, I knew a Citizen's Daughter there, that ran away with a Lord, who in the firſt ſix Months of her Preferment, never ſtirr'd out, but ſhe made the Ladies cry at her Equipage; and about eight Months after, I think, one Morning reeling pretty early into a certain Houſe in the *Savoy*, I found the ſelf-ſame, caſt-off, ſolitary Lady, in a Room with bare Walls, dreſſing her dear, pretty Head there, in the corner Bit of a Looking-glaſs, prudently ſupported by a Quartern Brandy-pot, upon the Head of an Oiſter-barrel.

D. *Du.*

D. *Du.* I find few Miſtreſſes make their Fortune there; but pray, Sir, among all your Adventures, has no particular Lady's Merit encourag'd you to advance your own Marriage?

Clo. Sir, I have been ſo near Marriage, that my Wedding-Day has been come, but it was never over yet; ſplit me.

D. *Du.* How ſo, Sir?

Clo. Why, the Prieſt, the Bride, and the Dinner, were all ready dreſs'd, Faith; but before I could fall to, my elder Brother, Sir, comes me in with a damn'd long Stride, and a ſharp Stomach———ſays a ſhort Grace, and——whipp'd her up like an Oiſter.

D. *Du.* You had ill Fortune, Sir.

Clo. Sir, Fortune is not much in my Debt, for you muſt know, Sir, tho' I loſt my Wife, I have eſcaped hanging ſince here in *Lisbon*.

D. *Du.* That I know you have; be not amaz'd, Sir.

Clo. Hey! what the Devil! have I been all this while treating an Officer, that has a Warrant againſt me——Pray, Sir, if it be no Offence — may I beg the Favour to know who you are?

D. *Du.* Let it ſuffice, I own myſelf your Friend—I am your Debtor, Sir; you fought a Gentleman they call *Don Duart* —— I knew him well; he was a proud inſulting Fellow, and my mortal Foe; but you kill'd him, and I thank you; nay, I ſaw you do it fairly too; and for the Action, I deſire you will command my Sword or Fortune.

Clo. Pray, Sir——is there no Joke in all this?

D. *Du.* There, Sir; the little All I'm Maſter of, may ſerve at preſent to convince you of my Sincerity: I aſk for no Return, but to be inform'd how I may do you farther Service. [*Gives him a Purſe.*

Clo. Sir, your Health——I'll give you Information preſently. [*Drinks.*] Pray, Sir, do you know the Gentleman's Siſter that I fought with? that is, do you know what Reputation, what Fortune ſhe has?

D. *Du.* I know her Fortune to be worth above twelve thouſand Piſtoles; her Reputation yet unſully'd: But pray, Sir, why may you aſk this?

Clo.

Clo. Now, I'll tell you, Sir——twelve Thouſand Piſtoles, you ſay!

D. *Du.* I ſpeak the leaſt, Sir.

Clo. Why, this very Lady, after I had kill'd her Brother, gave me the Protection of her Houſe; hid me in her Cloſet, while the Officers that brought in the dead Body, came to ſearch for me; and, as ſoon as their Backs were turn'd, poor Soul! hurry'd me out at a private Door, with Tears in her Eyes, Faith! Now, Sir, what think you? Is not this Hint broad enough for a Man to make Love upon?

D. *Du.* Confuſion!

Clo. Look you, Sir, now, if you dare, give me a Proof of your Friendſhip; will you do me the Favour to carry a Letter to her?

D. *Du.* Let me conſider, Sir——Death and Fire! is all her Height of Sorrow but diſſembled then?—A Proſtitute, ev'n to the Man ſuppos'd my Murderer! If it be true, the Conſequence is ſoon reſolv'd——but this requires my farther Search——May I depend on this for Truth, Sir?

Clo. Why, Sir, you don't ſuppoſe I'd banter a Lady of her Quality?

D. *Du.* Damnation! Well, Sir! I'll take your Letter! but firſt let me be well acquainted with my Errand.

Clo. Sir, I'll write this Moment; if you pleaſe, we'll ſtep into the Houſe here, and finiſh the Buſineſs over another Bottle.

D. *Du.* With all my Heart.

Clo. Allons! Entres. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Elvira *is diſcover'd alone in Mourning, a Lamp by her.* *Don* Duart *enters behind, diſguis'd.*

D. *Du.* THUS far I am paſs'd unknown to any of the Servants——now for the Proof of what I fear——Ha! yonder ſhe is——This cloſe Retirement, thoſe ſable Colours, the ſolemn Silence that attends her, no Friends admitted, nor ev'n the Day to viſit her: Theſe ſeem

ſeem to ſpeak a real Sorrow; if not, the Counterfeit is deep indeed———I'll fathom it———Madam———

Elv. Who's there? another Murderer! where are my Servants? will nothing but my Sorrows wait upon me?

D. *Du.* Your Pardon, Lady; I have no evil Meaning; this Letter will inform you of my Buſineſs, and excuſe this rude Intruſion.

Elv. For me! whence comes it, Sir?

D. *Du.* The Contents, Madam, will explain to you—She ſeems amaz'd! looks almoſt thro' the Letter——I ſhould ſuſpect this Stranger had bely'd her, but that he gave me ſuch convincing Circumſtances———Ha! ſhe pauſes! S'death! a Smile too——I fear her now!

Elv. My Prayers are heard; Juſtice at length has overta'en the Murderer: His vow'd Protection having been ſtrictly paid, I now unperjur'd may revenge my Brother's Blood. It lies on me, if I neglect this fair Occaſion: But 'twere not ſafe to ſhew my Thought; therefore to be juſt, I muſt diſſemble. [*Aſide.*

I ask your Pardon for my Rudeneſs, Sir; upon your Friend's Account, you might, indeed, have claim'd a better Welcome.

D. *Du.* So! then ſhe's damn'd, I find. [*Aſide.*] But I'll have more, and bring 'em Face to Face. My Friend, Madam, thought his Viſits would be unſeaſonable, before the ſad Solemnity of your Brother's Funeral.

Elv. A needleſs Fear! My Brother, Sir! Alas, I owe your Friend my Thanks, for having eas'd our Family of ſo ſcandalous a Burden! A riotous, unmanner'd Fellow; I bluſh to ſpeak of him.

D. *Du.* O! Patience! Patience! [*Aſide.*

Elv. Pray let him know, his Abſence was the real Cauſe of this miſtaken Mourning: 'Tis true indeed, I give it out 'tis for my Brother's Death; but Womens Hearts and Tongues, you know, muſt not always hold Alliance; you'd think us fond and forward, ſhould not we now and then diſſemble.

D. *Du.* How ſhall I forbear her? [*Aſide.*

Elv. I grow impatient 'till he's wholly mine——to-morrow! 'tis an Age! I'll make him mine to-night—

I'll

I'll write to him this Minute——Can you have Patience, Sir, till I prepare a Letter for you?

D. *Du.* You may command me, Madam.

Elv. I'll diſpatch immediately——will you walk this Way, Sir?

D. *Du.* Madam, I wait on you——Revenge and Daggers! [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE Louiſa's *Houſe.*

Louiſa *and* Jaques.

Lou. Is the Lady ſeiz'd?

Jaq. Yes, Madam, and half-dead with the Fright.

Lou. Let 'em be ready to produce her, as I directed: When the Stranger's taken, bring me immediate Notice: 'tis near his Time, away. [*Exit* Jaques. Had he not lov'd another, methinks I could have born this Uſage, ſat down alone content, and found a ſecret Pleaſure in complaining; but to be ſlighted for a Girl, a fickly, poor, unthinking Wretch, incapable of Love! that! that ſtabs home! 'Tis Poiſon to my Thoughts, and ſwells 'em to Revenge! My Rival! no! ſhe ſhall never triumph! Hark! what Noiſe! they have him ſure! how now!

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, the Gentleman is taken.

Lou. Bring him in——Revenge, I thank thee now,

Enter Bravoes *with* Carlos *diſarm'd.*

So, Sir! you are return'd, it ſeems; you can love then! You have an Heart, I find, tho' not for me! Perhaps you came to ſeek a worthier Miſtreſs here; 'twould be uncharitable to diſappoint your Love——I'll help your Search: If ſhe be here, be ſure ſhe's ſafe!——Open that Door there.

Enter more Bravoes *with* Angelina, *an Handkerchief on her Neck, which they hold ready to ſtrangle her.*

Now, Sir, is this the Lady?

Car. My *Angelina!* O!

Ang. O miſerable Meeting?

Lou. Now let me ſee you ſmile, and rudely throw me from your Arms! now ſcorn my Love, my Perſon, and my

my Fortune! now let your ſqueamiſh Virtue fly me as a Diſeaſe to Modeſty! and tell her now your ſhameful Tale of my Intemperance!

Car. O! Cruelty of Fate! that could betray ſuch Innocence!

Lou. What, not a Word to ſoften yet thy obſtinate Averſion! thou wretched Fool, thus to provoke thy Ruin——End her. [*To the* Bravoes.

Car. O! hold! for pity hold, and hear me.

Lou. I've learn'd from you to uſe my Pity——— S'Death! I cou'd laugh to ſee thy ſtrange Stupidity of Love——— on one Condition yet ſhe lives an Hour; but if refus'd——

Car. Name not a Refuſal, be it Danger, Death, or Tortures, any Thing that Life can do to ſave her.

Lou. Nay, if you are ſo over-willing.

Car. Speak, and I obey you.

Lou. Now then, this Moment kneel and curſe her.

Car. Preſerve her, Heav'n, and ſnatch her from the Jaws of gaping Danger. [*Kneeling.*] O! may the watchful Eye of Providence, that never ſleeps o'er Innocence diſtreſs'd, look nearly to her; or if ſome Miracle alone can ſave her, the ever-waking Sun, in his eternal Progreſs, never ſaw ſo fair an Object to employ it on.

Lou. Preſuming Fool! were I inclin'd to ſave her Life, (which, by my Hopes of Peace, I do not mean) canſt thou believe this inſolent Concern for her to my Face, would not provoke my Vengeance?

Car. Yet hold! forgive my Raſhneſs, I was to blame indeed; but Paſſion has tranſported both of us; Love made me as heedleſs of her Safety, as wild Revenge has you, ev'n of your neglected Soul.

Lou. What, doſt thou think to preach me from my Purpoſe?

Car. That were too vain an Hope; tho' I've a piteous Cauſe that might beſpeak, without a Tongue, the Mercy of a human Heart: But if Revenge alone can ſate your Fury, at leaſt miſplace it not; mine was th'Offence, be mine the Puniſhment; but ſpare the innocent, the gentle Maid; ſhe ne'er intended yet a Thought againſt your Peace; I have deſerv'd your Anger, nay, and juſtly too;

too; for I confeſs I ought to have given you a milder Treatment; but to atone the Crime, rip up my Breaſt, and in my Heart you'll read the unhappy Cauſe of my Neglect and Rudeneſs.

Lou. How he diſarms my Anger! But, muſt my Rival triumph then?

Ang. Charge me not with ſuch abhorr'd Ingratitude: be Witneſs, Heaven, I'll for ever ſerve you, court you, and confeſs you my Preſerver!

Car. For Pity, yet reſolve, and force your Temper to a Moment's Pauſe: Do not debaſe your generous Revenge with Cruelty; that every common Wretch can take; the ſavage Brutes can ſuck their Fellow-Creatures Blood, and tear their Bodies down; but greater human Souls have more of Pride to curb, and bow the ſtubborn Mind of what they hate; and ſuch Revenge, the nobler far, I offer now to you; ſee at your Feet my humbled Scorn imploring, cruſh'd, and proſtrate, like a vile Slave, that falls below your laſt Contempt, and trembling begs for Mercy.

Lou. He buries my Revenge in Bluſhes.

Ang. O! generous Proof of the moſt faithful Love!

Car. Think what a glorious Triumph it would be, that when your ſwoln Reſentment, wild Revenge, and Indignation, all ſtood ready, waiting for the Word, you call'd your forceful Reaſon to your Aid, reſolv'd, and took that tyrant Paſſion Captive to your gentle Pity; O! 'twere ſuch a God-like Inſtance of your Virtue, as might atone, if poſſible, ev'n Crimes to come: Revenge, like this, can never give you that continu'd Peace of Mind, which Mercy may: Compaſſion has a thouſand ſecret Charms: Think you 'twere no Delight of Thought, to heal the Wounds of bleeding Lovers, to make two poor afflicted Wretches happy, whoſe higheſt Crime is loving well and faithfully? Were it no ſoothing Joy, no ſecret Pride, to raiſe 'em from the loſt Deſpair, to Hope? to Life and Love reſtor'd? Now, on my Heart, I read a ſtruggling Pity in your Eye! O cheriſh it, and ſpare our Innocence! Perhaps, the Story of our chaſte Affections, once compleat, may live a fair Example to ſucceeding Times, for which Poſterity ſhall ſtand indebted to your Virtue.

Lou.

Lou. Releaſe the Lady — go. [*Exeunt* Bravoes. And now farewel my Follies and my miſtaken Love; for I confeſs, the fair Example of your mutual Faith, your Tenderneſs, Humility, and Tears, have quite ſubdu'd my Soul; at once have conquer'd and reform'd me: O! you have given me ſuch an Image of the contentful Peace, th' unſhaken Quiet of an honeſt Mind, that now I taſte more ſolid Joy, being but the Inſtrument of your united virtuous Love, than all my late falſe Hopes propos'd, even in the laſt Indulgence of my blind Deſire: Now love long and happily; forgive my Follies paſt, and you have overpaid me. [*Joins their Hands.*

Car. O! providential Care of Innocence diſtreſs'd!

Ang. O! Miracle of rewarded Love!

Car. What ſhall I ſay? I ſcarce have yet the Power of Thought amidſt this Hurry of tranſporting Joy! My *Angelina!* do I then live to hold thee thus? O! I have a thouſand Things to ſay, to aſk, to weep, and hear of thee——But firſt let's kneel and pay our Thanks to Heaven, and this our kind Preſerver; to whoſe moſt happy Change, we owe ev'n all our Lives to come, which cheerful Gratitude can pay.

Lou. Nay, now you give me a Confuſion. [*Raiſes 'em.* But if you yet dare truſt me with the Story of your Love's Diſtreſs, as far as my Fortune can, command it freely to ſupply your preſent Wants, or any future Means propos'd to give you laſting Happineſs.

Car. Eternal Rounds of never-ending Peace reward your wond'rous Bounty; and when you know the Story of our Fortune, as we ſhall ſoon find due Occaſion to relate it, we cannot doubt 'twill both deſerve your Pity and Aſſiſtance —— But I have been too buſy in my Joy, I almoſt had forgot my friendly Uncle, the ancient Gentleman that firſt came hither with me; how have you diſpos'd of him?

Lou. I think he's here, and ſafe ——— who waits there? [*Enter* Jaques. Releaſe the Gentleman above, and tell him that his Friends deſire him. [*Exit* Jaques. You'll pardon, Sir, the Treatment I have ſhewn him; he

made a little too merry with my Folly, which, I confeſs, at that time, ſomething too far incens'd me.

Car. He's old and chearful, apt to be free; but he'll be ſorry when his Humour gives Offence.

Enter Don Lewis, Jaques *bowing to him.*

D. *Lew.* Prithee, honeſt Dumb, don't be ſo ceremonious! A Pox on thee, I tell thee it's very well as it is, (only my Jaws ake a little:) But as long as we're all Friends, it's no great matter.——My dear *Charles!* I muſt buſs thee, Faith!——Madam, your humble Servant——I beg your Pardon, dy'e ſee——you underſtand me. [*Exit* Jaques.

Lou. I hope we are Friends, Sir.

D. *Lew.* I hope we are, Madam——I am an honeſt old Fellow, Faith; tho' now and then I am a little odd too.

Car. Here's a Stranger, Uncle.

D. *Lew.* What! my little Bloſſom! my Gilliflower! my Roſe! my Pink! my Tulip! Faith, I muſt ſmell thee. [*Salutes* Angelina.] Od! ſhe's a delicate Noſegay! I muſt have her touz'd a little——*Charles!* you muſt gather to-night; I can ſtay no longer——Well, Faith! I am heartily joy'd to ſee thee, Child.

Ang. I thank you, Sir, and wiſh I may deſerve your Love: Our Fortune, once again, is kind; but how it comes about——

D *Lew.* Does not ſignify Three-pence; when Fortune pays me a Viſit, I ſeldom trouble myſelf to know which Way ſhe came——I tell you, I am glad to ſee you.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. Madam, here's the Lord Governor come to wait upon your Ladyſhip.

Lou. At this late Hour! What can his Buſineſs be? Deſire his Lordſhip to walk in.

Enter Governor.

Gov. Pardon, Madam, this unſeaſonable Viſit.

Lou. Your Lordſhip does me Honour.

Gov. At leaſt, I hope, my Buſineſs will excuſe it: Some Strangers here below, upon their offer'd Oaths, demand my Authority to ſearch your Houſe for a lo[ſt] young

young Lady, to whom the one of 'em affirms himſelf the Father: But the Reſpect I owe your Ladyſhip made me refuſe their Search, 'till I had ſpoken with you.

Aug. It muſt be they——Now, Madam, your Protection, or we yet are loſt.

Lou. Be not concern'd! wou'd you avoid 'em?

Car. No, we muſt be found; let 'em have Entrance: We have an honeſt Cauſe, and would provoke its Trial.

Lou. Conduct the Gentlemen without. [*Exit* Jaques. My Lord, I'll anſwer for their Honeſty; and, as they are Strangers, where the Law's ſevere, muſt beg you'd favour and aſſiſt 'em.

Gov. You may command me, Madam; tho' there's no great Fear; for having heard the moſt that they cou'd urge againſt 'em, I found in their Complaints, more Spleen and Humour, than any juſt Appearance of a real Injury.

Enter Don Manuel, Charino, Antonio, *and* Clodio.

Cha. I'll have Juſtice.

Ant. Don't be too hot, Brother.

Cha. Sir, I demand Juſtice.

D. *Man.* That's the Lady, Sir, I told you of.

Clo. Ah! that's ſhe, my Lord, I am Witneſs.

Car. My Father! Sir, your Pardon, and your Bleſſing.

Ant. Why truly, *Charles*, I begin to be a little reconcil'd to the Matter: I wiſh you well, tho' I can't join you together; for my Friend and Brother here is very obſtinate, and will admit of no Satisfaction: But however, Heaven will bleſs you in ſpite of his Teeth.

Cha. This is all Contrivance! Roguery! I am abus'd! I ſay, deliver my Daughter——ſhe is an Heireſs, Sir; and to detain her, is a Rape in Law, Sir, and I'll have you all hang'd; therefore no more Delays, Sir; for I tell you before-hand, I am a wiſe Man, and 'tis impoſſible to trick me.

Ant. I ſay, you are too poſitive, Brother; and when you learn more Wiſdom, you'll have ſome.

Cha. I ſay, Brother, this is mere Malice, when you know in your own Conſcience, I have ten times you Underſtanding; for you ſee I'm quite of another Opinion. And ſo once more, my Lord, I demand Juſtice againſt that Raviſher.

Gov. Does your Daughter, Sir, complain of any Violence?

Cha. Your Lordſhip knows young Girls never complain when the Violence is over; he has taught her better, I ſuppoſe.

Ang. [*To* Charino *kneeling.*] Sir, you are my Father, bred me, cheriſh'd me, gave me my Affections, taught me to keep 'em hitherto within the Bounds of Honour, and of Virtue; let me conjure you, by the chaſte Love my Mother bore you, when ſhe preferr'd, to her miſtaken Parents Choice, her being yours without a Dower, not to beſtow my Perſon, where thoſe Affections ne'er can follow —— I cannot love that Gentleman more than a Siſter ought; but here my heart's ſubdu'd, ev'n to the laſt Compliance with my Fortune: He, Sir, has nobly woo'd and won me; and I am only his, or miſerable.

Cha. Get up again.

Gov. Come, Sir, be perſuaded; your Daughter has made an honourable and happy Choice; this Severity will but expoſe yourſelf and her.

Cha. My Lord, I don't want Advice; I'll conſider with myſelf, and reſolve upon my own Opinion.

Enter Jaques.

Jaq. My Lord, here's a Stranger without enquires for your Lordſhip, and for a Gentleman that calls himſelf *Clodio.*

Clo. Hey! *Ah, mon cher' Amy!*

Enter Don Duart *diſguis'd.*

Well, what News, my Dear, has ſhe anſwer'd my Letter?

D. *Du.* There, Sir — This to your Lordſhip.

[*Gives him a Letter, and whiſpers.*

Gov. Marry'd to-night, and to this Gentleman, ſay'ſt thou? I'm amaz'd.

D. *Du.* He is her Choice, my Lord.

Clo. reading the Letter. —— Um —— um — Charms —irreſiſtible —— excuſe —— ſo ſoon — Paſſion — Bluſhes — Conſent —— Proviſion —— Children —— Settlement —— Marriage —— If this is not plain the Devil's in't —— hold, here's more, Faith —— [*Reads to himſelf.*

D. *Man.* How ſhall I requite this Goodneſs? [*To* Louiſa.

Lou. I owe you more than I have Leiſure now to pay: Preſs

Preſs me not too far, leſt I ſhould offer more than you are willing to receive. Favours when long withheld, ſometimes grow taſteleſs; over-faſting often palls the Appetite.

D. *Man.* The Appetite of Love, like mine, can never die; it would be ever taſting and unſated.

[*They ſeem to talk apart.*

Gov. 'Tis very ſudden——but give my Service, I'll wait upon her.

Clo. Ha! ha! ha! Poor Soul! I'll be with her preſently; and, Faith, ſince I have made my own Fortune, I'll e'en patch up my Brother's too. Hark you, my dear Dad that ſhou'd ha' been—This Buſineſs is all at an End——for, look you, I find your Daughter's engag'd; and, to tell you Truth, ſo am I, Faith! If my Brother has a Mind to marry her, let him; for I ſhall not, ſplit me——And now, Gentlemen and Ladies, if you will do me the Honour to grace mine and the Lady *Elvira*'s Wedding, ſuch homely Entertainment as my poor Houſe affords, you ſhall be all heartily welcome to.

D. *Lew.* Thy Houſe! ha! ha! well ſaid, Puppy!

Clo. Ha! old *Teſty!*

Char. What doſt thou mean, Man? [*To* Clodio.

Gov. 'Tis even ſo, I can aſſure you, Sir; I have myſelf an Invitation from the Lady's own Hand, that confirms it: I know her Fortune well, and am ſurpris'd at it.

Ang. Bleſs'd News! This ſeems a forward Step to reconcile us all.

Cha. If this be true, my Lord, I have been thinking to no purpoſe; my Deſign is all broke to pieces.

Ant. Come, Brother, we'll mend it as well as we can; and ſince that young Rogue has rudely turn'd Tail upon your Daughter, I'll fill up the Blank with *Charles*'s Name, and let the reſt of the Settlement ſtand as it was.

Cha. Hold, I'll firſt ſee this Wedding, and then give you my final Reſolution.

Clo. Come, Ladies, if you pleaſe, my Friend will ſhew you.

Lew. Sir, we wait upon you.

Cha. This Wedding's an odd Thing!

D. *Lew.* Ha! ha! if it ſhould be a Lye now. [*Exeunt.*

The SCENE *changes to* Elvira's *Apartment.*

Elvira *alone, with* Clodio's *Letter in her Hand.*

Elv. At how ſevere a Price do Women purchaſe an unſpotted Fame! when ev'n the juſteſt Title can't aſſure Poſſeſſion: When we reflect upon the inſolent and daily Wrongs, which Men and Scandal throw upon our Actions, 'twere enough to make a modeſt Mind deſpair: If we are fair and chaſte, we are proud; if free, we are wanton; cold, we are cunning; and if kind, forſaken: Nothing we do or think on, be the Motive e'er ſo juſt, or generous, but ſtill the Malice or the Guilt of Men, interprets to our Shame: Why ſhould this Stranger elſe, this wretched Stranger, whoſe forfeit Life I raſhly ſav'd, preſume, from that miſtaken Charity, to tempt me with his Love? [*Enter a Servant.*

Hark! what Muſick's that? [*Flouriſh.*

Serv. Madam, the Gentlemen are come.

Elv. 'Tis well; are the Officers ready?

Serv. Yes, Madam, and know your Ladyſhip's Orders.

Elv. Conduct the Company. Now Juſtice ſhall uncloud my Fame, and ſee my Brother's Death reveng'd.

Enter Hautboys playing, Clodio *ſinging*; *D.* Duart, *Governor, D.* Manuel, Louiſa, Carlos, Angelina, Antonio, Charino, *and D.* Lewis.

Clo. Well, Madam, you ſee I'm punctual——you've nick'd your Man, Faith; I'm always critical——to a Minute; you'll never ſtay for me. Ladies and Gentlemen, I deſire you'll do me the Honour of being better acquainted here——My Lord——

Gov. Give you Joy, Madam.

Clo. Nay, Madam, I have brought you ſome near Relations of my own too——This Don *Antonio*, who will ſhortly have the Honour to call you Daughter.

Ant. The young Rogue has made a pretty Choice, Faith.

Clo. This Don *Charino*, who was very near having the Honour of calling me Son. This my elder Brother——and this my noble Uncle, Don *Cholerick*,——*Snapſhort to de Teſty.*

D. *Lew.* Puppy.

Clo.

Clo. Peeviſh.

D. *Lew.* Madam, I wiſh you Joy with all my Heart; but truly, I can't much adviſe you to marry this Gentleman, becauſe, in a Day or two, you'll really find him extremely ſhocking; thoſe that know him, generally give him the Title of *Don Diſmalo Thickſcullo de Half-witto.*

Clo. Well ſaid, Nuncle, ha, ha.

D. *Du.* Are you provided of a Prieſt, Sir?

Clo. Ay, ay, Pox on him, wou'd he were come tho'.

D. *Du.* So wou'd I, I want the Cue to act this Juſtice on my Honour; yet I cannot read the Folly in her Looks. [*Aſide.*

Gov. You have ſurpris'd us, Madam, by this ſudden Marriage.

Elv. I may yet ſurpriſe you more, my Lord.

D. *Du.* Sir, don't you think your Bride looks melancholy?

Clo. Ay, poor Fool! ſhe's modeſt——but I have a Cure for that——Well, my Princeſs, why that demure Look now?

Elv. I was thinking, Sir——

Clo. I know what you think of——You don't think at all——You don't know what to think——You neither ſee, hear, feel, ſmell, nor taſte——You han't the right uſe of one of your Senſes——In ſhort, you have it. Now, my Princeſs, have not I nick'd it?

Elv. I am ſorry, Sir, you know ſo little of yourſelf, or me.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the Prieſt is come.

Elv. Let him wait, we've no occaſion yet——Within there——ſeize him. [*Several Officers ruſh in, who ſeize* Clodio, *and bind him.*

D. *Du.* Ha!

Gov. What can this mean?

Clo. Gad me! what, is my Dear in her Frolicks already?

Elv. And now, my Lord, your Juſtice on that Murderer.

Gov. How! Madam!

Clo.

Clo. That Bitch, my Fortune!

D. *Low.* Madam, upon my Knees, I beg you, don't carry the Jeſt too far, but if there be any real Hopes of his having an Halter, let's know it in three Words, that I may be ſure at once for ever, that no earthly Thing, but a Reprieve, can ſave him. *Apart to* Elvira.

Ant. Pray, Madam, who accuſes him?

Elv. His own Confeſſion, Sir.

Cha. Of Murder, ſay you, Madam!

Elv. The Murder of my Brother.

Gov. Where was this Confeſſion made?

Elv. After the Fact was done, my Lord, this Man, purſu'd by Juſtice, took Shelter here, and trembling, begg'd of me for my Protection; he ſeem'd indeed a Stranger, and his Complaints ſo pitful, that I, little ſuſpicious of my Brother's Death, promis'd, by a raſh and ſolemn Vow, I wou'd conceal him: Which Vow Heav'n can witneſs with what Diſtraction in my Thoughts I ſtrictly kept, and paid; but he alas! miſtaking this my hoſpitable Charity, for the Effects of a moſt vile prepoſterous Love, proceeds upon his Error, and in his Letter here addreſſes me for Marriage; which, I once having paid my Vow, anſwer'd in ſuch prevailing Terms, upon his Folly, as now have, unprotected, drawn him into the Hands of Juſtice.

D. *Du.* She is innocent, and well has diſappointed my Revenge. [*Aſide.*

D. *Low.* So, now I am a little eaſy——the Puppy will be hang'd.

Gov. Give me leave, Madam, to ask you yet ſome farther Queſtions.

Clo. Ay——I ſhall be hang'd, I believe.

Cha. Nay then, 'tis Time to take care of my Daughter; for I am now convinc'd, that my Friend *Clody* is diſpos'd of—and ſo, without Compliment, do you ſee, Children——Heav'n bleſs you together.

[*Joins* Car. *and* Ang. *Hands.*

Car. This, Sir, is a Time unfit to thank you as we ought.

Ant. Well, Brother, I thank you, however; *Charles* is an honeſt Lad, and will deſerve her; but poor *Clody*'s ill Fortune I cou'd never have ſuſpected. D. *Low.*

D. *Lew.* Why, you wou'd be positive, tho' you know, Brother, I always told you, *Disual* wou'd be hang'd; I must plague him a little, because the Dog has been pert with me——*Clody!* how dost thou do? Ha! why, you are ty'd!

Clo. I hate this old Fellow, split me.

D. *Lew.* Thou hast really made a damn'd Blunder here, Child, to invite so many People to a Marriage-Knot, and instead of that, it's like to be one under the left Ear.

Clo. I'd fain have him die.

D. *Lew.* Well, my Dear, I'll provide for thy going off, however; let me see! you'll only have Occasion for a Nosegay, a Pair of white Gloves, and a Coffin: Look you, take you no Care about the Surgeons, you shall not be anatomiz'd—I'll get the Body off with a wet Finger—Tho' methinks I'd fain see the Inside of the Puppy too.

Clo. O! rot him, I can't bear this.

D. *Lew.* Well, I won't trouble thee any more now, Child; if I am not engag'd, I don't know, but I may come to the Tree, and sing a Stave or two with thee—Nay, I'll rise on Purpose——tho' you will hardly suffer before twelve o'Clock neither—ay, just about Twelve—about Twelve you'll be turn'd off.

Clo. O! Curse consume him.

Gov. I am convinc'd, Madam, the Fact appears too plain.

D. *Lew.* Yes, yes, he'll suffer. [*Aside.*

Gov. What says the Gentleman! Do you confess the Fact, Sir?

Clo. Will it do me any good, my Lord?

Gov. Perhaps it may, if you can prove it was not done in Malice.

Clo. Why then, to confess the Truth, my Lord, I did pink him, and am sorry for't; but it was none of my Fault, split me.

Elv. Now, my Lord, your Justice.

D. *Du.* Hold, Madam, that remains in me to give: For know, your Brother lives, and happy in the Proof of such a Sister's Virtue. [*Discovers himself.*

Elv. My Brother! O! let my Wonder speak my Joy!

Clo.

Clo. Hey! [Clodio *and his Friends ſeem ſurpris'd.*

Gov. Don *Duart!* living and well! how came this ſtrange Recovery?

D. *Du.* My Body's Health the Surgeon has reſtor'd: But here's the true Phyſician of my Mind: The hot diſtemper'd Blood, which lately render'd me offenſive to Mankind, his juſt reſenting Sword let forth, which gave me Leiſure to reflect upon my Follies paſt, and, by Reflection, to reform.

Elv. This is indeed an happy Change.

Gov. Releaſe the Gentleman.

Clo. Here, *Teſty*, prithee do ſo much as untye this a little.

D. *Low.* Why, ſo I will, Sirrah; I find thou haſt done a mettled Thing, and I don't know whether it's worth my while to be ſhock'd at thee any longer.

Elv. I ask your Pardon for the Wrong I have done you, Sir, and bluſh to think how much I owe you for a Brother thus reſtor'd.

Clo. Madam, your very humble Servant, it's mighty well as it is.

D. *Du.* We are indeed his Debtors both; and, Siſter, there's but one Way now of being grateful: For my Sake, give him ſuch Returns of Love, as he may yet think fit to aſk, or you with Modeſty can anſwer.

Clo. Sir, I thank you, and when you don't think it Impudence in me to wiſh myſelf well with your Siſter, I ſhall beg Leave to make uſe of your Friendſhip.

D. *Du.* This Modeſty commends you, Sir.

Ant. Sir, you have propos'd like a Man of Honour, and if the Lady can but like of it, ſhe ſhall find thoſe among us, that will make him up a Fortune to deſerve her.

Car. I wiſh my Brother well, and as I once offer'd him to divide my Birth-right, I'm ready ſtill to put my Words into Performance.

D. *Low.* Nay then, ſince I find the Rogue's no longer like to be an Enemy to *Charles*, as far as a few Acres go, I'll be his Friend too.

D. *Du.* Siſter!

Elv. This is no Trifle, Brother; allow me a conve-

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nient Time to think, and if the Gentleman continues to deſerve your Friendſhip, he ſhall not much complain I am his Enemy.

D. *Low.* So! now it will be a Wedding again, Faith.

D. *Man.* And if this kind Example cou'd prevail on you——

Low. If it cou'd not, your Merit has ſufficient Power: From this Moment, I am yours for ever.

D. *Man.* Which way ſhall I be grateful?

Clo. Nay then, ſtrike up again, Boys—and, with the Lady's Leave, I'll make bold to lead 'em up a Dance *à la Mode d'Angleterre.* [*They dance.*

D. *Low.* So! ſo! bravely done of all Sides; and now, *Charles*, we'll e'en toaſt our Noſes over a chirping Bottle, and laugh at our paſt Fortune.

Car. Come, my *Angelina!*
Our Bark, at length, has found a quiet Harbour,
And the diſtreſsful Voyage of our Loves,
Ends not alone in Safety, but Reward.
Now we unlade our Freight of Happineſs,
Of which, from thee alone, my Share's deriv'd:
For all my former Search in deep Philoſophy,
Not knowing thee, was a mere Dream of Life:
But Love, in one ſoft Moment, taught me more
Than all the Volumes of the Learn'd cou'd reach;
Gave me the Proof when Nature's Birth began,
To what great End th'ETERNAL form'd a MAN.

EPI-

EPILOGUE.

AN Epilogue's a Tax on Authors laid,
And shall as much unwillingly is paid.
Good Things, I grant, are little worth, but yet,
Coin has been always easier rais'd, than Wit.
(Else we'd make that very poor Campaigne,
Half Funds been levy'd from the grumbling Brains.)
Besides, to what poor Purpose should we plead,
When you have once resolv'd a Play shall bleed?
But then again, a Wretch, in any Case,
Has Leave to say why Sentence should not pass.
First, let your Censure from pure Judgment flow,
And mix with that, some Grains of Mercy too:
Or some your Praise like wanton Lovers you bestow.
That have you known a Woman plainly Fair,
At first scarce worth your two Days Pains or Care;
Without a Charm, but being young and new:
(You thought your Guineas far beyond her Due.)
Not seldom pursu'd by some gay leading Lover,
Then ev'ry Day her Eyes new Charms discover;
'Till at the last, by Crowds of Beaus admir'd,
She has rais'd her Price, to what her Heart desir'd.
New Gowns and Petticoats, which her Airs require,
Be Miss, and Poet too, when once cry'd up,
Believe their Reputation at the Top;
And know, that while the liking Fit has seiz'd you,
She cannot look, be witty, too ill to please you.
How can you hear a Sense of Love so gross,
To let mere Fashion on your Taste impose?
Your Taste refin'd, might add to your Delight;
Poets from you are taught to raise their Flight;
For as you learn to judge, they learn to write.

FINIS.